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"OH, I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU HAVE COME!" SHE CRIED, ADVANCING TO MEET HIM, WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

THE HEART OF FIRE; OR, MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV. LURLIE'S WEAPON.

In the darkness Bertrand waited. Eagerly he listened for the noise which would tell him that the secret foe, who thus stealthily, and in the gloom of night, sought to work him harm, had gained entrance to the room.

The seconds lengthened into minutes, yet the keen ear of the threatened man could not hear a sound that would denote the approach of the midnight visitor.

The revolver, firmly grasped in the iron hand of the man, was leveled directly at the little door. A single pressure of the forefinger and the missile of death would crash through the brain of any one attempting to enter by that passage.

The minutes went slowly on. Still, in the gloom and silence, Bertrand waited. The slight noise at the little door was not repeated. No sound broke the silence of the night.

"What can it mean?" muttered the watcher to himself, in doubt. "Can it be possible that my assailant has guessed that I am ready for the attack? No, that is impossible," he said, after a moment's thought.

"Why, then, if she thinks me sleeping, does she not proceed to execute her purpose? I can not guess this riddle. I am sure that I heard some one at that little door, sure that some one opened it, and yet the person, whoever it was, has not attempted to enter."

Again Bertrand listened attentively. "Not even a mouse is stirring," he muttered. "Has the attempt been given up, or have my ears deceived me? Bah! I am getting weary."

But, if Bertrand's ears failed to detect the approach of a stranger, his sense of smell did not. He suddenly became conscious that his room was being rapidly filled with the noxious fumes of gas.

The odor was getting stronger and stronger each instant. "What the devil can it mean?" quoth the ex-road-agent, in disgust. "How the deuce has all this gas got into my room? It's escaping somewhere, and badly, too. It can't be from my burner."

Bertrand turned up the gas a little, and it threw a dim light over the little room.

"Bah! I shall stifle here, presently!" he exclaimed, sitting up on the side of the bed. "Where can it come from, and why the devil didn't I smell it before?"

Bertrand's eyes then wandered toward the little door. It was open! His ears then had not deceived him; some one had been at the door.

"By Jove!" he cried, "I was right then after all. But I must get out of this, or this cursed gas will strangle me."

Then he turned the light up full, rose to his feet, and approached the door. The fumes of the gas grew still more offensive.

Suddenly a thought flashed through the man's brain. His brow grew dark and his eyes flashed fire as the horrible suspicion came to him.

"Can it be possible that this is the game?" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "It is like her devilish cunning. If I had been asleep, too, it would have succeeded. I should have been put out of the way as easily as we drown blind kittens. No tell-tale mark of violence upon my body; an accident, that's all. Let me see if my suspicion is correct."

Bertrand lit a match; then stooping, passed through the little open door into the adjoining room. As he had expected, the room was filled with the fumes of the gas.

By the flickering light of the burning match he examined the gas-burner. His suspicions were correct; the gas was turned on full.

"I was right!" he cried; "the gas was to be the weapon to deal me my death. What devilish cunning! She believed me asleep; opened the little door, then turned on the gas, expecting that the fumes of it would strangle me. And then in the morning, when they found me, swollen up and disfigured by the deadly vapor, all would believe that I was a green countryman, who had blown out my gas instead of turning it off. It was well planned; but the blow has failed."

A single movement of the hand and the gas was turned off; then Bertrand returned to his own room.

"Now, then, shall I lie down and sleep or remain awake on the watch? Am I safe till morning or not?" Thoughtfully he pulled the ends of his long moustache as he pondered the question.

"By Jove! I have it!" he cried, suddenly, after thinking the matter over for a moment. "Yonder room may be safer than this one. That door can be bolted on the other side. I'll change my quarters; then, I think, I will rest quiet until morning."

Bertrand passed through the little door into the other room again, lit the gas, and bolted the door behind him. He examined the room carefully, and being fully convinced that no one could gain entrance to the apartment without waking him, he turned down the gas, threw himself on the bed, and within five minutes was fast asleep.

A watcher who could have stood by the bedside of the sleeper would never have guessed how desperate were the fortunes, or how stained with crime was the career of the man that slept so calmly. His breathing was almost as regular as that of an infant, and the quiet smile upon the bronzed features told no tell-tale story of the reckless life that he had led or of the many evil deeds that he had done.

The regular respirations of Bertrand Tasnor told plainly of dreamless slumber. How different was the sleep of Lurlie Casper!

Her golden curls were half hidden by the embrace of the white pillow whereon nestled her dainty little head. The snowy night-dress, half open at the throat, revealed the pearly tint of the skin and the exquisite contour of her form.

The full, red lips were moving convulsively, and the beautiful face was distorted, for

the dreams of Lurlie Casper were fearful. She stood by the bedside of a dying man; his features were swollen and distorted at most beyond recognition. The lips were pinched and blue. The man had died, suffocated by the fumes of gas; a terrible death! And, as she looked upon the features, now horrible to gaze upon, thoughts of the old time came back to her. She remembered when she had pressed the blue-tinted lips—then full of rich, red blood—with the passionate love-kiss. She remembered when the strong arms—now lying motionless—had folded her to a manly breast and how the pressure had thrilled her to the heart with exquisite joy.

Then, in her sleep, she moaned; cold drops of perspiration stood like beads upon her forehead.

"Bertrand!" she muttered, "Bertrand, forgive me!"

She was dreaming of the time when she had loved Bertrand Tasnor with all the passion of her heart of fire.

How changed was she now! She hated him as though he was a deadly serpent coiled in her path.

The morning came. Lurlie rose early and woke Rick from his rest under the front-stairs.

"You had better call the stranger, Rick," she said; "he may wish to go away early." The boy shrewdly wondered at her anxiety in regard to the man whom he looked upon as his future master, but, without a word, he departed on his errand.

Lurlie waited for his return with impatience. Each moment she expected to hear the cry of alarm from the boy's throat that would announce the success of her plan.

She waited for that cry, but waited in vain. In a few minutes—minutes that seemed like hours to Lurlie—Rick came slowly down the stairs.

No trace of emotion could be seen in the face of the hunchback; evidently nothing had occurred to alarm him.

"Did you wake him?" Lurlie said, with bated breath.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy replied.

"You did?" Lurlie cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated the boy.

"You called him and he answered you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

For a moment Lurlie stood like one struck by some sudden bolt.

"He answered you," she said, slowly and with a vacant look upon her face.

"What can it mean?" she murmured.

"Can he have escaped?"

The heavy footfall of Bertrand resounded upon the stairs.

Each step struck a chill to Lurlie's heart. She could not understand the escape of her foe from the deadly trap that she had laid so carefully for him.

"Good-morning," said Bertrand, cheerfully, halting as he spoke by the side of Lurlie.

A sudden faintness seized upon the girl

as she looked upon the bronze face of the man, whose fierce black eyes watched her so keenly.

Vainly she attempted to speak—the words seemed to choke in her throat. Mechanically she clung to the stair-railings; without their aid she would have fallen to the floor.

A peculiar smile came over Bertrand's face as he looked upon the pallid features before him.

"What is the matter this morning? You don't look well," Bertrand said, still watching her keenly.

"I—I am not well," Lurlie stammered, finding the use of her tongue at last.

"Did you rest well, last night?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes," the girl replied, hesitating in the simple monosyllable.

"So did I, though the gas in my room—or in the next room to mine, rather—leaked dreadfully. I happened to discover it in time and turned it off or it might have strangled me during the night," Bertrand said, carelessly.

Lurlie saw that, by a miracle as it were, her plan had failed.

"I am sorry that you were disturbed," she murmured, slowly.

"Oh, it's nothing!" he cried, with a light laugh. "Well, good-by; I shall come and see you at some future time, and you mustn't put me in such a room again unless you desire my death to lie at your door."

A courtly bow and Bertrand was gone.

"Follow him, Rick! See where he goes!" cried Lurlie, hoarsely, her eyes gleaming lurid light.

CHAPTER XV. KELFORD'S WOOING.

EDMUND KELFORD had not been slow to take advantage of the lucky chance that had procured him the pleasure of an acquaintance with Pearl Cudlipp. He had contrived to enter the little store wherein she tended on two evenings, just as she was preparing to depart for her home. And by telling an innocent little tale as to his residence being in the same direction as hers, he had had the pleasure of escorting her home.

Two long walks had he taken, arm in arm with the girl whom he loved so dearly, and yet he was obliged to confess to himself that he had made but little progress in ascertaining whether he could win the love of Pearl Cudlipp or no.

There was an easy and quiet dignity about her that seemed to keep him, at a distance. He was at a loss to guess whether his attentions were pleasing to the girl or distasteful to her, that is, if he was to judge of that fact by her words or actions. Yet there was a certain look in her eyes, a glad expression visible there when he came into her presence that gave him hope.

On the third evening he entered the little store just as the clock was striking nine, but to his astonishment he found that Pearl was absent.

"She's just gone 'ome," said Mrs. Jones, the dressmaker, who was a lady of English extraction, with a strong aversion to using the letter H in its proper place.

"Gone?" exclaimed Kelford, in astonishment.

"This very minute, but p'haps you can catch up with 'er if you run 'ard, young man," said Mrs. Jones, with dignity.

"Thank you, I'll try," and Kelford made a hasty exit from the store.

"Well, of all the cursed pieces of ill-luck!" cried Kelford, as he walked rapidly down Madison street toward the bridge.

"I should have thought that she might have expected me and waited a little. Can it be that she is trying to avoid me?" Bitter was the thought, yet he did not pause in his chase of the girl.

"It looks as if she did not wish my company, yet here, like a fool, I am running after one who possibly does not care in the least for me."

Kelford hurried onward.

Half a block before him he saw the slender graceful form of her he was in search of. He was rapidly overtaking her.

As he approached, the noise of his footsteps fell upon her ear. She turned her head slightly and saw who it was that was so close upon her heels.

If her wish had been to avoid the company of the young man, she gave no sign of it now, for she did not seem to be in the least annoyed when Kelford overtook her.

"You did not wait for me this evening, Miss Pearl," Kelford said.

"How could I know that you were coming for me?" she asked.

"You may be sure that I shall never fail to be in readiness to escort you home, until I discover that my company is disagreeable to you," Kelford replied, warmly.

Pearl colored slightly at his words, and for a moment made no reply. A few steps they walked in silence, then Pearl spoke:

"Mr. Kelford, I will be honest with you," she said, in the low, sweet tones that were so dear to the ears of her lover. "Your company is far from being disagreeable to me, and yet, perhaps there are some reasons that should make me avoid it—avoid you."

"Avoid me? Oh, Pearl!" Sad was the voice of the young man and troubled was his brow.

"Yes, avoid you," she replied, firmly.

"And why?"

"Do you wish me to tell you, frankly?" she asked, looking full into Kelford's face with the large gray eyes that had set his heart in a flame and given his whole nature to passion's fires.

"Yes, above all things," Kelford said, eagerly.

"Since you wish it, I will do so." There was a tinge of sadness in her voice as she spoke. "In the first place, you are aware of the difference in our positions?"

"I do not exactly understand what you mean," Kelford said.

"Why, I am poor and you are rich."

"You know, then—"

"That you are the rich Mr. Kelford? yes. When you came to the shop where I work and seemed to pay me some little attentions, there were plenty to warn me of the danger that I was in."

"Danger from me!" cried Kelford, indignantly, the hot blood mounting to his face as he spoke.

"Yes; are you not a wealthy man and am I not a poor girl?"

"Does that prevent me from loving you—prevent me from thinking that, some day, I may win you for my wife?" demanded Kelford; and as he spoke the hot blush swept up into the white cheeks of the girl.

She cast her eyes to the ground, sorely puzzled, for she had not expected this open avowal of love.

"Perhaps I ought not to speak so abruptly," continued the young man, "but, the words have now passed my lips and can not be recalled. Besides, it is better that you should know the truth. I have loved you, Pearl, from the very moment that my eyes first fell upon your face. I thought it an infatuation, and strove to forget you, but the effort was fruitless; I could not. For the first time in my life I discovered what it was to love a woman with all my heart. I want you for my wife, Pearl; and I mean to win you if I can."

For a few moments the two walked on in silence, Kelford watching the pale face of the fair young girl with an anxious eye.

"I have been told that you are very wealthy," she said, at length.

"Yes, I am," he responded.

"You know that I am a poor girl, depending upon my daily toil for my bread?"

"Yes, I know it," he said, in a tone perfectly calm.

"And does not that make a difference with you?"

"Why should it?"

"Rich men do not marry poor girls very often, in real life, although it may be a common thing in novels."

"Yet I offer to marry you," Kelford's reply was unanswerable.

"But are you sure that you really love me?" she said.

"Yes."

"But, you may grow tired of me after a little while?"

"Never!" replied Kelford, decidedly.

"Ah! don't be too sure of that," the girl said, mournfully; "it is human nature to change."

"That is true, yet I shall never change in my love for you. A year hence I shall be the same as to-day—no, I am wrong, not exactly the same, for if I win you, a year after our marriage I shall love you better than on the day when we stand before the altar together."

There was no doubt in the tone of the young man's voice. He evidently believed what he said.

"Do you remember what I told you on the evening when we first became acquainted?" she asked.

"In reference to what?"

"To myself."

"I do not remember exactly; what was it?"

"Of my condition in life—of my being an orphan without knowledge of who were my parents."

"Yes, I remember something about it, though I must own not very distinctly. You must remember that it was the first time that I ever had a chance for a free and open conversation with you, and the pleasure I felt was too great to allow me to pay any very great attention to what was said on that occasion. I was very happy, and that is about all that I do remember," said Kelford, honestly.

Pearl laughed a little at the frank confession.

"Well, I will repeat it now, then. I am an orphan, and have never known who or what my parents were. I have been brought up by charity. Are you willing to take as your wife the girl who has not to her knowledge—a single relation in all the world?"

"Yes," Kelford answered, promptly.

"But consider," Pearl interposed, though a soft, glad light shone in the full gray eyes; "some day I may discover my parents. Suppose you make me your wife and then that discovery is made; suppose that I am the child of evil—that my father and mother are wretched and degraded things? Would not that knowledge extinguish, in your heart, all the love for me?"

"Why do you suppose such improbable things?" Kelford asked. "But, I will answer the question. I love you for yourself; love you because I believe that you are a good, pure girl; because I believe that you will make me a good wife, and that, if you do marry me, you will try to make my life happy."

"If I do marry you, you may be sure that I will try," exclaimed Pearl, earnestly.

"I think so; and that, perhaps, is one reason why I love you so dearly, for love you I do. Can you think for one moment the discovery that your parents are not what they should be, can divert the current of my love from you? I do not marry your family—if you have any—but you. Have you not faith that I will love you, come what may?"

"Yes," said Pearl, lowly.

"Then, will you not give me your promise that, some day, you will become my wife?"

"I can not," said Kelford, earnestly.

"Why?"

"Because I do not love you."

"Not love me?" Kelford's voice was sad.

"No, but I would give my little finger to love you!" cried Pearl, earnestly. "I like you, like you so much; but, I feel that I do not love you yet, and, until I do love you, it would be wrong for me to deceive you; that I will never do."

"But, in time you may love me!" "Perhaps so," Pearl answered, shyly. They were now before the door of Pearl's boarding-house. With a sudden impulse, Kelford took Pearl in his arms, pressed a kiss upon her not unwilling lips, and so they parted.

CHAPTER XVI. THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

ANXIOUSLY Lurrie waited for the return of Rick. Hours passed on but still the boy came not.

Lurrie ate but little at the morning meal. The food seemed to choke her. A dread sense of danger was hanging over her. The future was shadowed by a dark cloud; she could not guess how soon that cloud would open and the lightning-bolt of Bertrand Tasnor's vengeance fall upon her head.

"Why should he return, after so many years' absence—return to cross my path and baffle all my plans?" she murmured. She was seated by the window in her room. From this window she commanded a view of the street.

"Shall I risk it?" she questioned. "I must—I will! If the old captain will marry me, I will dare the consequences! Dare the vengeance of this man into whose hand my marriage will put a weapon with which he can strike me! But, I will dare all. The golden dream shall become a reality: wealth, station, all shall be mine!"

Then, as with unyielding lips she muttered the firm determination to herself, her eyes wandering listlessly out of the window caught sight of a man coming down the street. Her face lighted up as the well-known figure came in view.

"Tis he!" she cried, in joy, "my future husband; the man who will give me gold in exchange for myself." And she laughed bitterly at the thought.

"Once I gave myself away for love; I am wiser now, and he that buys my love must pay gold for it; pay richly too."

Then the old gentleman, whose approach she had watched from the window, coming opposite to the house, saw her head at the casement. He raised his hat, and crossed the street.

"He is coming!" Lurrie exclaimed. "I promised him that he should have his answer to-day; that I would decide whether I would become his wife or refuse the honor—for it is an honor for a man like him, rich and prosperous, to marry a poor girl like myself. But I talk like a fool!" she cried, suddenly. "He gives me wealth, it is true, but I give him youth and beauty, for I am pretty; my glass has told me so many a time. The exchange, then, is not an uneven one. He is not the first man who has bought love for gold. No, not love, for how can a girl with all the fiery passions of youth burning in her veins love a man old enough to be her father?"

A trite question, and one which has never yet been answered.

Captain Middough—for the old man whose coming Lurrie had watched from the window was the captain of the *Michigan*—entered the house; shook hands with the landlord; and then proceeded up-stairs to Lurrie's apartment. His knock at the door was answered by the voice of Lurrie bidding him enter.

Lurrie rose from her seat by the window; a smile of joy danced in her blue eyes and illuminated her fresh young face, as the captain entered.

"Oh! I am so glad that you have come!" she cried, advancing to meet him with outstretched arms.

"Glad to see me, eh?" exclaimed Middough, taking the little hands in his, while his face plainly showed the joy that was in his heart.

"Yes," Lurrie answered, looking up into his face trustfully.

"Glad to see the old man, eh?"

"Why, you are not old—you do not seem to be—at least not to me," Lurrie said.

"When I am with you I feel twenty years younger. Oh! you're a darling little girl!"

Then he drew her to him, imprinted the little form in his arms, and kissed the red, pouting lips, so full of the dewy freshness of youth. The lips were confidently held up to receive his caress, while the girl shyly nestled her head on his broad breast. He stroked the golden-haired head, and twined his fingers caressingly in the sunny, silken curls.

Middough, though a man stricken with the weight of years, loved the golden-haired siren that he held in his arms with all the fire of youth.

"Do you think so?" she asked, shyly, and not raising her head to meet his gaze.

"Yes, of course I do; and I prove that I think so by my actions. Don't you think that I love you?"

"Yes," soft and lowly came the little word from her lips.

"Lurrie, you promised to give me an answer to a certain question when I returned to Chicago. Are you now ready to give me that answer?" Earnestly the old captain asked the question.

"What was it that you wanted to know?" Lurrie said, with beautifully-simulated innocence.

"Have you forgotten?" said the old man, a tinge of reproach in his tone.

"No," Lurrie replied, lifting her blue eyes for a moment to meet his gaze, then hiding them again on his breast.

"You cunning little puss!" exclaimed Middough, patting her head fondly; "do you want me to repeat what I said when you promised to give me an answer on my next visit?"

"Yes," murmured the girl.

"Very well, I will, then, if it will please you; for, to please you, I would do almost any thing." Middough's tone would have convinced any one that he spoke the truth. "I love you, Lurrie, and want you to be my wife. I know that there is a great difference in our ages; that, possibly, the world might say I was too old for you; but, as I have said, your love will make me young again. Will you be an old man's darling? I will do all that I can in the world for you. I am wealthy, but I shall hold my gold as water to gratify your desires. Every thing that I can give you, I will. Lurrie, will you answer me now?"

"But I am a poor girl," she murmured. "I know that; but what difference do you suppose it makes to me? Lurrie, you have acted as if you loved me. Have I been deceived?"

"No," she said, timidly.

"You do love me?"

"Yes."

"And you will be my wife?"

"But what will your rich relations say?" she asked. "Will they not look upon me with scorn? I am not strong, and I know that I can not bear to have any one angry with me."

"My relatives know me pretty well; they know that I have a will of my own. Once you are my wife, let any one of them dare to treat you with disrespect, and he or she, whichever it may be, will never darken my doors again."

"But I am afraid that they will say that I married you for your money; they will never guess the love for you that is in my heart." And as she spoke, she looked the old man full in the face.

He was intoxicated with delight. For an old man like himself to win the love of such a delicate and beautiful girl as he held within his arms—a willing prisoner—was to his mind wonderful. It flattered his pride, generally the weak spot in all men's hearts.

"Let them say what they like in private!" he exclaimed; "they will never speak so to you. The world will talk, my dear; it is useless to try to prevent it. If a man were to stop to kick every envious puppy that snarled at his heels, he would have his hands full. My friends will like my wife; all that do not are no longer friends of mine. I shall make a very queen of you—a little one, but still a queen. As I have said, you shall be an old man's darling."

"Oh, I am sure that you love me! yes, that you love me as well as I love you," she ejaculated, softly.

"And you will consent?"

Lurrie hid her face on the old man's breast, and for a moment did not reply. Busy thoughts ran rapidly through the brain of the little head that the golden curls crowned with a halo of light.

"Shall I dare it?" she murmured to herself, the words not reaching the ears of the man on whose breast her head reposed. "Dare it, and with Bertrand Tasnor living? Why not? He will come here for me if he again seeks me, and I am sure that he will. I shall be far away. He will not dream of seeking Lurrie Casper in the wife of Captain Middough. The chances are against detection. When I leave this house, I will leave no clue behind by which he can follow me. Yes, I have decided. I will do it."

"Must I answer now?" she said, aloud.

"Yes; I am burning up with impatience!" he exclaimed. "Come, is it yes or no?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Heaven bless you, darling!" he said, impulsively, "and may that Heaven give me many years to watch over you!"

Al! had Captain Middough known the past life of the woman upon whose head he called down Heaven's blessing, he would have shrunk from her side as though she were a poisonous thing, and the words would have withered his lips. But the old sailor was no prophet. He loved the girl with all the love in his nature. To him she was the purest and best of women-kind, and he would have branded as a liar any man who dared to say that she was aught else.

"Then you will be my wife?"

"Yes," she replied, softly, but firmly.

"When?"

"Whenever you like."

"If I had my way, I should say at once!" cried the old sailor, in joy.

"At once?" and Lurrie looked into the face of the old man with a beaming smile.

"But I suppose you will require some little time to prepare for the ceremony?"

"No, I shall be ready whenever you wish. Of course, we will be married privately."

"Certainly. I don't want a pack of fools grinning at me at my wedding. We can go to the house of the minister and be married there. I will get the license at once. Will to-night suit you?" he asked.

"Yes, if it suits you," she replied.

"It does. I'll come for you in a hack at eight. Be all ready. I'll take you away from this poor home, and in an hour afterward you will be my wife and a little

queen in your own house, on Michigan avenue."

"You are so good to me!" she murmured, holding up her lips for a farewell kiss. Again and again the old man pressed the soft, red lips, and then, with a hearty good-by, left her.

"I have succeeded!" she cried, in triumph, her blue eyes darting fire. "Once his wife, Bertrand Tasnor, I defy you to work me harm!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

\$50,000 Reward:

OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.
A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINE," "UNDER MALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. THE BACK TRACK.

WILLIS WILDFERN glanced around him as he entered the vault. Tom, with his coat off, was working vigorously at a press. The result of his labor was piled in a large heap on a table. This pile consisted of bank-notes, so nicely and accurately engraved from photographic blocks, that the closest inspection failed to detect in them any defect whatsoever.

The negro paused as Wildfern entered. "Glad to see you, cap'n," he said, cordially; "mons'ous lonesome all by yourself—out here all by yourself in this burying-ground! Tired o' staying here, I can tell you; so I thought I'd make myself by making a little money. Money comes handy now and den, and—dar is my pile. Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, pointing to the notes.

But Wildfern did not smile—did not say a word; but, walking straight to the glowing lamp, he drew a screen over it, thus confining the rays to the gloomy vault. Then he said, in a half-scared, half-angry tone:

"You should be more careful, Tom! I saw the reflection of that light, plainly, twenty yards from the door. You should have screened the lamp, or covered the slot; and I tell you, my fine fellow, we can not be too careful. There are visitors on the 'Hill' to-night!"

"De debil! How you know dat?"

And Tom glanced quickly at the other.

"From the best of proof; I have seen tracks, and they were not made by a lady's slipper! But, put up the press, and tie up the money—we'll need it soon! I feel that trouble is coming! And—yes—no, Tom, strike off a few thousand more; I'll help you. I think we will not return here, soon."

Tom looked very serious, and then an anxious shade came to his face. But he replied only with an expressive grunt, and a long, low-drawn whistle, telling that he was uneasy at the news.

Then once more he stood by the press. Wildfern, throwing off his coat, approached the press likewise.

They set to work. For a half-hour nothing was heard but the monotonous clicking and creaking of the machinery, and the flutter of the notes as they slanted in the air and settled down with a rustle on the floor.

Suddenly Wildfern paused.

"We have enough, Tom, to last us a few years anyway—this will do. Now I want to talk a little with you."

Then a low conversation ensued, lasting nearly an hour. When it had ended, the men arose to their feet.

"You must not fall me, Tom," said Wildfern; "you can get the carriage and horses at the same place, you know. Be mum and be discreet! After to-night we must change quarters."

"Now, we'll go."

As he spoke he drew near the door to reconnoiter. The lamp was still covered with the cloth.

Wildfern put his eye to a long, narrow, perpendicular slot in the door, and peered around outside.

The white spectral snow gave forth a pale, dead-white glamour.

Wildfern started violently; his limbs shook beneath him, and turning softly, he said, in a low, agitated voice:

"We're caged, Tom! Look—but be careful!"

He gave way for the other as he uttered these words. The black instantly took his place, and placing his red eyes to the opening, looked out.

He ground his teeth together, and then, with a threatening gesture, quickly felt under his coat-bosom for his knife.

No wonder these men were startled; for, standing around the vault, were numbers of silent, stalwart figures. The pale, ghastly glimmer from the snow, twinkling on the brass buttons of their coats, told that they were policemen. They were almost as motionless as statues, and their gaze was bent upon the door of the vault.

Silently, even as they who stood without, did the two within draw away from the entrance toward the rear of the vault.

"Yes, cap'n, we're caged sure enough!" said the negro. "But we can double on 'em by de back track, and teach 'em a trick yet!" and he smiled grimly.

"Yes, Tom," replied Wildfern, in an excited undertone. "I understand you; the Rat Hole and the keg of powder, eh?"

"Exactly so, cap'n," said the negro,

himself beginning to partake of the excitement.

"Then we'll pack the money, and lay the train, for time is precious."

As Wildfern spoke he strode to the table, and began to pack tightly the counterfeit notes. In this work he was assisted by Tom.

In a few moments the task was done, and the several bulky parcels were placed in a bag. Then, Wild Tom going into the rear of the vault brought back a keg of medium size. He unscrewed a wooden plug from the bottom of the keg, and then beginning at the table, laid a train of powder all the way to the door of the vault. Connecting with this terminus of the train, Wild Tom placed the keg itself.

Then Wildfern, taking the globe off from the lamp, tied a twine to the handle of the latter, and placed the flaming light just beyond, but in a line with, the powder, and then quickly attached the cord to the vault door.

When that door should be opened, the result can easily be imagined.

Glancing around them once more, the men with a low laugh turned and disappeared in the rear of the vault.

A half-hour elapsed, when suddenly they appeared again, working their way slowly out of the side of the loamy, frosty hill, back of Laurel Hill. In a few moments they stood in the broad, snow-covered pleasure road below, and then they hurried off and were soon out of sight.

All was silence and gloom again in the sleeping God's-Acre, and the winding sheet of pallid snow gleamed dead and dull beneath the bare-armed trees.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE HANDS OF THE FOWLER.

WILDFERN and his singular companion paused for nothing, but kept up a vigorous stride, bending their steps toward the city.

The suburbs were reached, and then they entered Coates street at Fairmount. Continuing down Coates as far as Twelfth, they turned into the latter and pushed on rapidly.

As they reached Spring Garden street, the clock on the hall-tower at the corner above, struck eleven.

"Come, come, Tom—we must hurry," muttered Wildfern. "Tis later than I thought," and away they strode.

Just before they reached Chestnut street, they saw the large outpouring streams of people flowing in different directions. They knew that the play was over. But they paused not.

Just, however, as they stood by the little back alley running up to the rear of the Chestnut street theater, a man and a woman—the latter hanging on the arm of the other—emerged from the dark passage-way.

Wildfern and Tom were close behind them, and Wildfern knew both the man and the woman.

"I am sorry, Agnes," said the man, in a low voice, "that I consented for you to come and witness the performance. I was fearful of the effect it might exert upon your nerves. And—Agnes, I wanted to speak with you to-night in my room—to tell you a tale—to draw from you your sisterly sympathy. Now, I am afraid that—"

"Be afraid of nothing, Frank, my brother," interrupted the girl, in a sweet, confiding voice. "Now that I am in the purer atmosphere, I feel better, and, Frank, I will listen to any thing you may have to say."

Then the two hurried on down toward Twelfth street.

Willis Wildfern and Tom had heard this conversation—word by word. The latter paid no heed to it; the former drank in every syllable.

And then a strange revolution took place in Willis Wildfern's bosom—a weird, sinister and yet triumphant gleam flashed in his eye, and he laughed a low laugh, all to himself—a laugh so low indeed, that his companion heard it not.

When the two reached Chestnut street, they took the shady side of Twelfth and hurried to Locust. Then down this avenue.

As they reached Eleventh street Wildfern suddenly paused, and drew Tom quickly in the shade of a large house.

"Sh! sh! Tom! See yonder!" and he pointed down the street.

"Blue-coats again, cap'n! Yes—I see 'em. They've got their peepers on Lady Maud's shanty now! Ha! ha!" and the negro laughed guardedly.

"Yes—yes—and trouble is brewing—I feel it! Now, Tom, you must change the programme. Bring the carriage to the alley, between Locust and Spruce, in Twelfth. That alley leads to the yard of the house. I will all be right. Now be off, Tom. In a half-hour hence I shall look for you at that alley."

Tom did not reply, but turning about walked up to Thirteenth street and disappeared in the darkness.

Wildfern waited a few minutes, and then followed after him. He paused, however, at the street above mentioned, and then returning toward Chestnut stopped at Walnut. Down this street he strode, until he reached Tenth. Here he again turned, going this time toward the south.

He walked rapidly on, not halting once again. On he went, and now he was near Fitzwater street. He slackened his pace

and glanced over at the opposite row of houses.

Then, all at once, he stopped, as suddenly a light streamed from a window in one of these houses. He glanced thitherward, and as a low cry of exultation burst from his lips he turned at once and hurried back.

Verily Willis Wildfern was a man of iron to endure such exercise as he had taken this night!

We will now return to the time he entered the room of Sadie Sayton, and looked maliciously yet triumphantly around him.

His eyes, after flashing over the maiden, sought the goblin.

Then again he looked toward the girl.

"My God!" he muttered, to himself, "the dose was enough to stupefy an elephant. But—but—as matters are, 'tis all right after all!"

He turned familiarly into the room, and seated himself. The girl drew away, and covered her face with her hands.

"Be not alarmed!" said the man, composedly. "I come on business. I never break an engagement or promise. When last here I told you that I could show you a proof of this actor's perfidy toward you. To-night I have brought it. Here is the diamond pin he wore, and which I think you gave him. I received it from the woman he now loves! Take it, and examine it; you will recognize it," and taking the jewel from his pocket he handed it to Sadie.

The girl shuddered, and then raising her head, reached out her hand and took the pin. One glance at it, and with a wild, agonizing cry, she tottered to her feet, and fell half-swooning upon the bed.

In her agony of mind she let fall the pin. Wildfern stooped and picked it up, transferring it to his pocket, as he thought. He did not thus transfer it. In the eagerness with which he watched the girl, he did not notice that he failed to find the pocket.

The diamond rolled noiselessly to the floor.

"Oh, God! False! false! And I trusted him so blindly—loved him so tenderly! And thus for my dream to end! Oh, God! I can not live! Crush me to the earth—blot out my memory!" and heedless of the presence of the man, she buried her face in the bed-covering and sobbed aloud.

Willis Wildfern arose to his feet and softly approached the bed; then he laid his hand upon the girl's.

Sadie started as if bitten by an asp. In a moment she had escaped him, and stood on the opposite side of the room, a gleaming knife in her hand.

"Stand back, monster! stand back! or advance at your peril! I am desperate!" and she warningly brandished the dagger.

The man paused.

"I do not mean to harm you," he said; "I simply wish to tell you, my pretty one, that I have got one more proof to show you—one which will convince you beyond a peradventure that Frank Hayworth cares nothing for you. Would you, my fair girl, see that other proof?" and he gazed at her eagerly.

A strange calmness suddenly came over Sadie; a something within her which she could not define urged her to listen and to ponder.

The man paused.

"I do not mean to harm you," he said; "I simply wish to tell you, my pretty one, that I have got one more proof to show you—one which will convince you beyond a peradventure that Frank Hayworth cares nothing for you. Would you, my fair girl, see that other proof?" and he gazed at her eagerly.

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The man paused.

In a moment more the three were out in the yard. Then the gate in the wall was found, and they entered the alley—Sadie being between Lady Maud and Wildfern.

At last they reached the street. A carriage was there—a gigantic black man on the driver's box.

The three entered the vehicle, which was, at once, driven away rapidly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DARKEST HOUR IS BEFORE THE DAWN.

The carriage rolled and jolted on. The snow of the streets was now cleared away—from the car-tracks at least. The vehicle was soon in these—on the Tenth street line—and it dashed away now, evenly and smoothly.

The man who drove the carriage was evidently an experienced hand; he managed the restive horses skillfully.

All this time, Sadie sat in the carriage blindfolded and mute. Not a word had been spoken by any one.

Suddenly the girl felt a warm hand steal softly down to hers. At first she was inclined to draw away; but then she felt a warning pressure from the hand, and she knew it was a woman's. She covertly returned the silent grasp, and Sadie felt that she had sympathy now.

On rolled the carriage—the horses' feet echoing loud and clear as they moved away from the more noisy portion of the city.

Then the driver spoke to the animals in a low but distinct tone of command.

The carriage at once ceased its rapid motion.

Wildfern placed his head out of the carriage and glanced around.

"This will do; stop here, coachman," he said, in a low voice. "Draw out from the track, quick! There, that's right."

The carriage creaked, as its wheels were wrenched from the iron rails; but in a moment it was still.

"Now, my girl, as you value your life, keep quiet!" whispered Wildfern, hoarsely, in the ear of Sadie. "I will remove the bandage at once, and then you can look through the curtainless window to your left. Don't tremble so, or I will be afraid to trust you. . . . Are you ready?"

For an instant Sadie shook violently; but, then, by a strong effort, she controlled herself, and in answer to the man's question, simply bowed her head.

In the twinkling of an eye the blindfold was drawn from her eyes.

Sadie turned and gazed straight up at the flashing window.

With a wild cry, which she could not suppress, she instantly covered her face, and as a low, gurgling groan came from her bosom, she sunk back in the carriage.

That one glance had been enough!

"Oh, false! false! Oh, God! now I am ready to die! False! false!"

And again her agonizing cry wailed out distinctly in the air.

"Sh! sh! By—! this must be stopped!" exclaimed Wildfern, fiercely, at the same time covering her face with a handkerchief saturated with chloroform.

"Deal gently with her, Willis Wildfern! Gently, I tell you!" hissed the Lady Maud, as her bosom heaved with contending emotions.

But in a moment the girl's struggles ceased.

Then the carriage drove off.

Suddenly, as the vehicle moved away at a rapid rate, the poor girl, freeing herself from the handkerchief, again uttered a long wailing cry—this time for help.

In a moment the window of that house was suddenly hurled up, and Frank Hayworth peered forth. But the carriage was now under full headway and dashing up the street.

Then it was out of sight.

On it rolled; and at last it paused at the entrance of the alley on Twelfth street. Willis Wildfern sprang out.

"Come—come—hurry!" he exclaimed, rudely. "But see, Lady Maud, that the bandage is arranged. Hurry now, for time, with me, is precious!" and he stamped his foot impatiently as he glanced furtively around him in every direction.

In a moment, Sadie, blindfolded as before, descended. Wildfern took her by the arm, and hurried her into the alley, out of sight.

Then Lady Maud stepped from the carriage. Wildfern placed his mouth to her ear and whispered:

"Let all be ready to-morrow night, Lady Maud. Now is the time, when she is in despair. The trouble is almost over. Hark you! have every thing prepared. For Sadie Sayton will now be my wife. I'll get her gold!"

Without another word, he sprang up onto the box alongside the driver; and the carriage rattled away again.

But the Lady Maud had not answered; she stood still for a moment, gazing after the carriage. Then, shaking her head, she said, in a low, vengeful voice:

"Ay—ay! Willis Wildfern, now is the time indeed, and I'll have every thing ready! I'll thwart you, villain and murderer, if my heart's blood is the forfeit!"

So saying, she entered the alleyway, and linking the arm of the poor, trembling Sadie in hers, she drew her away, at the same time whispering a word of cheer in her ear.

Then they had passed through the little gate in the wall, and in a moment disappeared in the house.

For some minutes the Lady Maud said not a word. Still holding close to her breast the almost fainting girl, she conducted her up-stairs to her room. Opening the door, she gently pushed the maiden in.

"Sleep in peace, Sadie Sayton!" she said, in a warm, sympathizing voice. "Trust to me! for now, my child, I would die to save you!"

Instantly she closed the door, turned the lock, and hurried away.

Sadie heard her retreating footsteps dying away, and a gloom, more impenetrable than any midnight of woe she had yet experienced, crept over her.

Placing her dagger in her bosom, she flung her hands to her head and reeled into the room.

The gas, as ever, was burning low.

Suddenly Sadie paused, as if stricken by a rifle-ball. She glanced down on the carpet at her feet.

Her eyes had caught the sparkle and flash of a brilliant stone.

She stooped like a hawk on its quarry, and, in a second, had grasped the diamond-pin let fall by Willis Wildfern. She held it in a grip of iron. Then she slowly raised it on high, and gazed at it with a steady, strong stare.

As she gazed, gradually the meaningless stare left her eyes, the stern expression of her face faded away, and as a soft, old-time yearning look came again to the girlish countenance, she tottered forward and fell on her knees by the bedside.

Seconds, minutes, and then an hour passed. Then Sadie arose from her knees.

Her face was as calm as that of a marble Dian, as sweet and as holy as a Madonna's.

She gently kissed the little jewel, which she still held in her hand, and murmured: "Oh, God! I love him still! I trust him still!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

The Missing Bride.

BY DAISY DEAN.

The last rays of the setting sun were bathing the landscape in a flood of gold and crimson light, as a phaeton, drawn by two prancing bays, drove up before a stately mansion. A young man sprang out, and assisted his companion, a lady of queenly grace and rare beauty, to alight. They lingered awhile, gayly chatting; then, bidding her adieu, he drove rapidly off. Mowing slowly up the graveled walk, winding through a wilderness of pure roses, which seemed to bend their stately heads and wait sweet incense to her, the queen rose of all, she came suddenly upon a slight, girlish figure, whose pale, set face betokened great inward emotion, as the former exclaimed:

"Why, Mildred, you look as if you had encountered a ghost."

"I have, Helen," was the reply; "the ghost of departed hopes."

"Nonsense, Mildred. The sweet message of which I am the bearer, will soon reanimate your ghost, I assure you. I met Harry on the road, and he insisted on my sharing his ride, and a like pleasure he hopes to enjoy with you to-morrow."

"Oh, Helen," Mildred replied, with tearful eyes, "why will you trifle so with the one heart I deemed all my own. Can you not be content with the admiration so freely lavished upon you, and the true, deep affection of your own betrothed lover?"

"Well, dear," she impulsively replied, a sudden pang of remorse flitting through her breast. "I will spare your gentle heart, and leave you in undisputed possession of Harry's affection," and humming a gay tune, the volatile girl tripped lightly into the house.

Helen and Mildred Marshall were sisters. The latter had for some time been affianced to Harry Rivers, and until the return of her queenly sister, who had been from home for a year, she had never had cause to doubt the sincerity of his regard. But, now, Helen's beauty, which had developed into regal magnificence, carried the hearts of all by storm. Winning hearts seemed to be a natural gift with Helen, and not even were her wiles spared upon her sister's lover, though at times conscience read her a severe lesson as she noted Mildred's troubled countenance, and then she would send Harry to recall the smile, which lent such a charm to the lovely, classic features.

But Helen's good resolves were of short duration. So great was her propensity to flirt, in the absence of other subjects, she would soon attract gay, handsome Harry to her side. What though she had promised her hand to one she had met and loved during her visit to C—?

"I will gather all the pleasure from each fleeting moment while I may," she would lightly remark, "for as the wife of sober Arthur Brunell, I shall become settled enough to suit the veriest saint." But, ah! how little would she acknowledge that, in this sport with edged tools, she was fast losing her heart to him whose nature was so consonant with her own! With a despairing heart, Mildred looked forward to Helen's rapidly approaching nuptials as a release from the suspense to which she was subjected. Though her faith in Harry's still protested regard for herself was sadly shaken, still she hoped that, Helen once a bride, he would return to his allegiance.

At last, as the gorgeous month of June was merging into the first hazy days of

July, the wedding morn dawned clear, bright and beautiful. All day Helen seemed restless and distraught, while the house resounded with the ceaseless chatter of the merry girls who were to act as bridesmaids, and the busy hum of preparation for the coming event.

Mildred shook off the sorrow to which she had long been a prey, and yielded without restraint to joyous anticipation. She was to be first bridesmaid, with Harry as her attendant, and the joyous light in her eye told that hope was once more her bosom's guest. Loving hands decked the beauteous bride for the altar, and truly did she merit the admiration which was showered upon her by her companions. Mildred imprinted a kiss, pure and tender, upon her brow, but turning hastily from this mark of sisterly devotion, Helen desired to be left alone.

With lingering, admiring glances the merry girls sought their apartments to put the finishing touches to their own neglected toilets. Mildred hastily donned her snowy drapery, and if Helen's beauty won the admiring eye of every beholder, the pure, spirituelle loveliness of her sister won the hearts of her friends.

The bridegroom elect was to arrive on the evening-train, and reach the house in season for the ceremony. While awaiting his arrival, Mildred ventured once again into Helen's apartment, and was surprised to find it vacant. Glancing around the room, she espied a note directed to herself lying upon the escritoire. Hastily opening it, she read:

"MILDRED:—When you read this I will have usurped your place and become the bride of Harry Rivers. We can neither live without the other, and I know you would not accept the hollow mockery of a hand without a heart. I can not take upon myself vows I am unable to fulfill, nor have I courage to stay behind and brook the consequences of my indecision. I do not ask you to forgive, as I know forgiveness is impossible. I leave Arthur's ring with you. Console him and our parents as best you can. Pity one, Mildred, who lacks the moral courage to face those to whom she has been so unjust."

"HELEN."

With a wailing cry, she sunk into the nearest seat, while the note fell from her nerveless grasp. Some minutes elapsed, and she was aroused from her stupor by the sound of approaching steps. She gathered all her scattered energies for the dread trial that awaited her. A gentle tap on the door, and her mother entered, followed by Mr. Brunell, a tall, majestic form, with a face on which nature had set the seal of a noble soul. "How could Helen deceive such a man?" were her thoughts as she met his questioning gaze.

In answer to her mother's introduction, followed by an inquiry for Helen, she could only point to the note at her feet, and the ring upon the escritoire. Hastily picking it up, he learned the fallacy of his earthly hopes. Handing the note to Mrs. Marshall, while his countenance assumed the hue of death, he sternly demanded:

"Madam, were you accessory to your daughter's perfidy?"

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

The blow, so totally unexpected, sapped the poor mother's strength, and she fell, fainting, to the floor.

In their efforts to restore her, the two stricken hearts for a time lost sight of their own bitter trial, and she at last revived under their ministrations, as Mr. Marshall entered to ascertain the cause of the delay.

On learning the truth, bitter denunciations of the absent ones fell from his lips, in spite of the pleading looks of his wife and daughter.

"Oh, the shame, the disgrace!" he muttered. "How can I apprise the expectant guests? How can I? And you, sir, how can I atone for such a great wrong done you?"

"Mr. Marshall, this is the greatest blow I was ever called upon to sustain. I can not carry the news to my expectant friends. Your daughter and I are joint sufferers, but, through a bitter lesson, we have learned how worthless was the love we once deemed so true. I came here expecting a bride, and if Miss Marshall will consent, we will join in a mutual cause. Here is my ring," he continued, "and if agreeable, I will exchange with Miss Mildred, and the ceremony can proceed."

Startled at the strange proposal, and awed by his calm manner, Mildred sat, unable to speak. Her parents remonstrated, but it did not affect his icy calmness.

Rising at last, with an effort, Mildred reached out her hand, saying, "It matters little now whom I wed. You accepted him for a son, and such he shall still be. I have seen my hopes turn to ashes, and I care not what my fate is."

Taking her hand, he slipped the discarded ring on her finger, while Harry's "gaze d'amour" was consigned to her mother's keeping. Her gentle heart bled at this sacrifice of her daughter, but nothing would move them from their purpose.

The attendants were summoned, and the now sufficiently sobered party descended to the spacious parlors, and ranged themselves before the minister. Murmurs of astonishment ran through the large assembly, as Mr. Marshall explained the circumstances. Waving his hand to the minister, the couple were soon pronounced one, and a holy prayer for their comfort and support ascended to the throne of grace. Hesitating, the guests moved forward, as though uncertain whether to condole or congratulate. And soon the festivities commenced. "Let there be no constraint," was the command of the host, and the

spell which had bound them was soon removed. Like a beautiful statue Mildred moved through the mazy dance, and if her heart bled, none perceived it behind the icy exterior. If her strength failed, one glance at the calm face of him who was now her husband reassured her, for were they not suffering in a common cause?

Time sped on unto the "wee sma' hours ayeant the twal," and the assembled guests departed, and left the weary household to the solitude of their sorrowing hearts.

The angel of peace did not fold his pinions over the stricken ones that night. A double sorrow bowed the parents to the earth. A strange, untried future lay before the darling of their bosoms, and she whose beauty had swayed all hearts, had proved ungrateful for their love and care. With her faith in humanity almost shaken, they had permitted Mildred to offer herself a sacrifice; for weal or woe, fate had hurried her on, and she was now the bride of one whom she had never seen previous to that eventful night. Would she receive kindness from him who had been so cruelly deceived by her sister?

The morrow brought no healing to their hearts, for they must bid their darling adieu.

With noble generosity Arthur offered to release Mildred from her vows if she experienced regret for the step she had taken, but as he seemed content she would not retract.

"You will not find it a difficult task to learn to love our Mildred, Arthur," Mrs. Marshall said.

"Her presence has been an inexpressible support to me in this trying ordeal. God helping me, I will endeavor to prove worthy a being so pure and unselfish," he replied, laying his hand gently upon Mildred's bowed head.

Mildred implored forgiveness for Helen and Harry, and as her parents pressed her in a parting embrace, she wrung a reluctant promise from them to receive them to their hearts again when they should return.

The last adieus were spoken amidst sympathizing friends, whose kindly wishes and prayers waited them on their journey.

After a month spent in traveling, Arthur Brunell took his wife to his home, and though for a long time their hearts were sore and bleeding, peace came to them at last, and they blessed the fate that so strangely threw them together.

Helen and Harry Rivers returned after a short absence, much surprised at the strange turn of affairs, and were received by their parents in accordance with their promise to Mildred. If Harry ever sighed for his gentler lady love, he gave no token, while Helen often thought how unwittingly she had bestowed upon her sister a noble, generous husband.

"Buried Alive."

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

Not very long before the late rebellion burst into a blaze, and devastated the country far and wide, I was on a visit to an old college chum, who resided with his young wife upon a plantation in one of the most beautiful districts of Florida. Charlie Mason had been considered quite a Nimrod at college, and his fondness for field-sports had by no means relaxed, while I, probably from association with the wild hunters of the West, never felt myself so much in my proper element as when I was in pursuit of either fin, fur or feather.

One bright morning we mounted two handsome steeds, that a little ducky had brought round to the porch of my friend's house, took our guns and game-bags from the fair hands of the beautiful Mrs. Mason, waved her a laughing good-by, and started for a marsh about fifteen miles distant, where Charlie thought we should be able to procure a bountiful supply of water-fowl.

The first part of our ride was pleasant enough, for our road lay through an avenue of trees that twined their branches and wealth of foliage so compactly overhead that the hot sun-rays could not reach us; but, when we left the pleasant shade and emerged into the open, the sweltering heat was terrible. We reached the outskirts of the marsh early in the afternoon, and, tethering our horses to an umbrageous tree, entered the swampy waste, fully prepared to commit havoc among the teal and ducks hidden in the tall reeds and rushes. At first we succeeded pretty well; time after time, flocks of birds would rise almost under our feet, and but seldom did they get away without several of their number falling, whirling and circling to the earth, plucked by the leaden hail our deadly missiles rained. At last, however, the feathered tribe smelt danger near, and took the precaution of rising always just out of range of our guns. Though our bags were pretty well filled, yet our zest for sport had not become satiated, so we still continued to advance.

"Say, Frank, sheer off to the left and you may get a pop at the birds I rise, and vice versa; it's no use keeping together," said Charlie, who was rather corpulent and felt the exertion of tramping through the swamp, into which he sunk several inches every footstep more than I, a thin man, did.

I acceded to his request, and struck off at an angle from him, getting repaid in a

short time for so doing by obtaining a capital and successful shot at a flock of teal that flew from his direction over me. Hardly, however, had I secured my prize, when I heard my friend's voice ring out clear through the stillness:

"Frank! Frank! help me, old fellow; I'm sinking!" he cried.

Quickly as I could, I ran in the direction in which I had last seen Mason, but I shortly had to change my course, for the sound of his voice apparently issued from a place some distance ahead. I sunk nearly knee-deep every step forward that I took, and soon I could proceed no further, though my comrade urged me to do so in the most agonizing accents. At last, when about twenty yards distant from him, I heard him shout:

"Keep back, Frank. I am lost, but you live and care for my dear wife and child."

They were the last words the poor fellow ever uttered. I did not cease to search for him; when his voice was hushed forever, and I knew that he had passed away, I returned to where we had left our horses and galloped hard to the nearest mansion for assistance. I procured it, and in due time we recovered the lifeless body of my unfortunate friend from the treacherous Syrtris that had engulfed him, and conveyed it to the house that he had left but a few hours previous in the plenitude of health and strength. His poor wife suffered terribly under the awful affliction that had come upon her, and for many long, weary weeks she lay prone upon a sick-bed.

Judge Not.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

"I HEAR," said a steady old gentleman, to a youth whose habits were none too steady, "that you are getting to be a sad rogue." "Well," said the young man, "I do not claim to be as steady as you; but I guess we all of us get talked about as much as we deserve."

I have thought upon this assertion many times since hearing it, and, I trust, have received benefit from the remembrance; for, truly, do we not get talked about all and more than we deserve? And, of course, in making this remark I do not mean that we—that is, I and you—are more sinned against than sinning, but that human nature in general is a little liable to tongue-ties. Forgetting that circumstances alter cases, every one marks out a path for his neighbor, and, in the words of one of earth's grumblers, "gives him a going over," if he departs from it.

And not only do we talk freely of others' faults, differences of opinion, etc., with which we are acquainted, but we are far, far too apt to let bitter words slip forth on the mere evidence of Mr. Hearsay, a personage whose feet are swift to shed mischief. Who that has been a school-teacher that knows naught of this; yea, has not felt its truth? It may be that never a parent has set foot in the school-room, but a score or more of tongues, small to be sure but limber, have told all about the teacher; and all, except in favored instances, means all that has been done contrary to childish wisdom. There is an ironical maxim which says, "kick a man when he is down;" but it seems now to be, kick a man when he is up. Who could wish for the president's chair in this, our free (free speech) republic? Every public office-holder gets a like handling, though perhaps with less severity.

It is true that what folks say of us does not make our character; but what we say of others does affect our own character most sensibly.

Mr. A. starts out with a subscription paper for some benevolent object. He calls on Mr. F., who gives his name for five dollars; on Mr. H., who subscribes three dollars. So far so good; and he thinks as he rides along that Mr. D., the next neighbor, will give as much as Mr. H., at least, for he is worth as much. But Mr. D. does not say three dollars, and Mr. A. goes on his way, scattering the precious information that D. is a "stingy nigger." Now, if A. had reflected, or if D. had chosen to state the facts in the case, it would have been perfectly plain that, in this particular case he had good grounds for refusal; but such facts were not given, and therefore the harsh epithet.

A certain celebrated writer says: "Why am I judged of another man's conscience?" True enough! Why are we thus judged? Not, I think, because they know us better than we know ourselves, but because it pains less to pick at others' faults than their own.

Then we look through different colored glasses; and yet each wishes all to conform to his own standard color. The light-hearted think a long face to be a terrible thing, while the severely upright look upon mirthfulness as a sin. A poor man blames a rich one for being miserly, and the rich blame the poor for their lack of wisdom. One loves to please his ear, another his eye, another his taste. One loves light-reading, another study and research. Others yet care little for reading, but much for a social visit, etc. Let us, then, remembering that we are not alike, and were not intended to be, close our lips on the subject of differences, and strive to promote peace and good-will among men, knowing that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."



ruffians, carefully disguised, who were busily plying their tools to effect an entrance.

They worked like men who thoroughly understood their business; but, after something like an hour, during which time I fluctuated between hope and despair, one of them threw down his implement with a savage curse, and rose to his feet.

"No use, Dave," he said. "The thing's too much for us! We'll have to try powder. Where's the drill?"

A search amid the numberless curious-looking articles that lay about the floor—burglars' tools they were, and of the finest make, evidently—soon discovered the implement sought for, and in a little while the holes were ready to receive the charges.

These were quickly placed, and then, after tearing up the carpet, and throwing it together with the overcoats of the party over the safe, to deaden the sound, the match was applied, and the thieves drew slightly back to await the result.

A dull, heavy jar, accompanied with a sound like muffled thunder came, and springing forward, they tore off the covering with eager hands and exposed the massive iron door shattered and broken, hanging only upon one hinge, and consequently easily opened. But the inner partition remained, and this they served in like manner.

The treasure lay exposed before their eyes, and with a perfect howl of delight they rushed at it, each eager to be first.

But their harvest was not yet reaped. Echoing the suppressed shout of joy, came the sharp, ringing report of a pistol, accompanied with the sound of shattered glass, and instinctively glancing toward the transom, of which I have spoken, I caught a momentary glimpse of a pale, cadaverous face, with great luminous eyes, as it glared down from the stairway in the hall.

An instant it remained, and then vanished. The others saw it, too, for a cry of terror recalled my attention just in time to see the man who had stood guard over me reel, and with a gasping, horrid groan, fall backward against the open safe, his body completely closing the entrance thereto.

He fell in a sitting posture and so remained, his head erect, jaw fallen and eyes wide open, and staring with a look of unspeakable horror and surprise fixed there by death. The whole occurrence did not occupy ten seconds, and in ten more I was alone with the dead man, the others having fled in their sudden terror, leaving their comrade as he had fallen, the money untouched, and their tools scattered about the floor.

The feeling of relief that came with the consciousness of their having gone, and for good, as I knew, was almost indescribable, but it was not long before a dull, creeping, unspeakable horror began to steal upon me, and almost before I was aware of the fact, I was actually longing for their return.

The gas was burning brightly, illuminating the room with a perfect flood of light, but nowhere did it seem to fall so strongly as upon the fixed, ghastly face of the dead burglar, who sat as he had fallen, looking me full in the eye.

Those fearful eyes! wide open, staring horribly, seemingly full of reproach; they froze me to the very marrow.

How can I describe that long night? I need not attempt it, and will not, but I may say that I would not undergo it again for all the wealth that lay in place that he was guarding.

It was in vain that I tried to shift my position, to turn my head ever so slightly, to shut my eyes. The face was ever before me, and as though impelled by some mysterious agency, I would return to gaze at it, until nature gave way, and I fainted.

Daylight was stealing through the crevices in the shutters when I again awoke to the terrible reality of my position, and there, and now ten times more horrible than ever, sat that stiffened form, ghastly face, and stony eyes as I had seen them last.

I think another hour would have ended in my going mad, but fortunately the watchman, who had recovered, came down early, and entering with his pass-key, released me from my trying situation. But the most singular part of the whole occurrence remains yet to be told.

From certain clues found upon the dead burglar, the others were easily arrested, but the mysterious individual who fired the fatal and fortunate shot through the transom, was never discovered, even though a large reward was offered for his identification by the firm. He still remains unknown, and in all probability will always remain so.

Captain Arnott's Flirtation.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"MARRIED? Why, I'd give a thousand dollars, cash down, if I was married. I tell you, old fellow, there's no use in my trying. The ladies won't have me."

"That's all nonsense. You are too easily discouraged, captain. You don't persevere."

Captain Arnott shook his head despondingly.

"It's no use, no use! There's Clara Selwyn, and Grace Lovett; I was completely infatuated with them both, and would have married either of them. But, Lord love me, the very next day or so after I made up my mind, I saw them out driving with a couple of young boys; and that knocked the spots out of me."

Frank Howard smiled at his guardian's desponding face.

"But, as I said before, Captain Arnott, you are too easily discouraged. The next time you see a lady you admire, follow her up—delicately, of course—and I'll venture it'll be right."

"Well, I hope so. I've got plenty of money, this great, big, stately house, and not a soul but you, my boy, to cheer me up."

"Suppose I invite a party down for a month? It'll offer you a good chance, you know, besides being pleasant for me."

Captain Arnott fairly sprang from his sofa, in delight.

"Do it—do it! Bring all the girls in the State; take carte-blanche for every thing you want. And I'll drive into town and order some things from the tailor's! Oh, Frank, this will be a regular siege for a wife! And I'll wager you a furnished house for yourself when you get married, that not a single one of all the women-folks I'll consent to stop at the Glen."

"I'll accept the wager, captain. And now, for the city, to invite the guests."

He started off; but the old gentleman called him back.

"Look you here, Frank Howard! You remember what I told you about that girl you were paying attention to—that one with the blue eyes? She's only after your money,

boy, and I won't see you sacrificed to her. Mind, now, don't you bring her up here! I've never seen her, except by picture, and I don't want to. It's enough for me that her name is Pet Havens, and she's after your money. Mind, now!"

He shouted the parting injunction after Frank, who went out laughing, noways concerned.

"Will we go? Why, Frank Howard, you know very well we'll all come!"

It was Pet Havens who spoke—a bright-haired girl, with merry, roguish blue eyes, and a winsome way about her that had sent several young men desperately in love before bold Frank Howard undertook to capture and conquer her; a feat he succeeded in to perfection. So, as acknowledged prime favorite to young Howard, Pet made herself spokesman for the occasion.

"You needn't be so enthusiastic, Miss Petrella; for, with his compliments, and a cordial invitation to everybody else in the world, Captain Arnott sends especial word that you are not to come."

Pet's blue eyes fell in roguish amazement, and a sly dimple began to creep to her cheek.

"Very well, Mr. Havens. I am very much obliged to you for bearing and delivering so charming a message; also to the gallant Captain Arnott for sending it."

Was she in earnest? Frank asked himself the question as he gazed curiously at her.

"Of course you'll come, Pet, notwithstanding."

"Of course I won't, then, notwithstanding! As if I'd go where I wasn't wanted!" And she flitted away, leaving her lover not a little vexed and alarmed.

After a half-hour's chat, Frank returned home, and then Pet laughed at the joke.

"The old salamander! as if he could keep me away from the Glen if I chose to go! But no one'll see Pet Havens there!"

"It seems that Captain Arnott has a special dislike for you and I, Petrella."

"Oh, Mrs. Embury, tell me, is he hard on you, too? Why?"

Pet was unusually eager to hear the reason.

"I really have forgotten the cause, now, but I know he is thoroughly provoked about some trifles. I can't recall it now."

Pet clasped her hands in delight.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Embury, do walk home with me, won't you? I am dying to tell you something."

And the two ladies walked slowly home, in cautious conversation, that sent the bright flushes to their cheeks.

"This is homelike, I tell you, Frank! There's some sense in a life like this, with these beautiful women fluttering around, like—like—like— Well, it's very delightful, particularly the sisters."

"What sisters, captain? You mean the Misses Salvage?"

"The dickens do I? Where are your eyes, man alive, not to perceive the beauty and grace of those Wraith girls, those charming, graceful ladies who can appreciate me, Frank."

The young man glanced indifferently over the salver to the ladies under consideration; he was not in the best of humor, it must be confessed, since he had found Pet obstinately refused to come to the Glen.

"I really can't see anything particular to admire. They are both repetitions of the same old story—blue eyes and light hair; brown eyes and black hair. I'm sure Miss Havens was far handsomer than that light lady."

"There it is again—that eternal Miss Havens! Go long away, and entertain those little Farnslys, so lonely there, by the piano. I can help myself."

Frank could hardly help a smile at Captain Arnott's words, for he knew that gentleman had seen the Misses Wraith coming, and took that method to dismiss him.

As Captain Arnott said, the Wraith sisters were unusually attractive; so much so, that the unfortunate aspirant to matrimonial bliss was smitten worse than ever before.

Very confidentially he called Frank aside one bright, warm morning, a few days after the evening referred to.

"I tell you, my boy, I am discouraged on a new subject. Always before, I couldn't find anybody I thought would have me. Here are two of 'em, that I feel morally certain both want me. What would you do?"

"Go to Salt Lake City, I suppose."

Poor Frank! he was so savage, over Pet's unkindness.

"Well, I wouldn't mind that, but the ladies might object. No, my boy, I must decide; mighty quick, too."

And the captain relapsed into a delightful reverie.

"I've concluded to take the blue eyes, Frank! the gentle, winning, little Miss Ellie. I tell you that she's the finest girl in Christendom; fit for a prince. By Jove, I'll ask her this blessed morning."

And never after did poor Captain Arnott

"On a fortnight's acquaintance?"

As usual, Frank's remarks, terse and well-timed, came in half-growingly.

"It's plenty long enough to learn to love. Come, Frank, I verily believe you're jealous."

Frank turned away, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

True to his resolution, Captain Arnott prepared himself for the much-dreaded task before him; and, arrayed in his most elegant clothing, with a gorgeous double wrapper enveloping his portly person, he lighted his never-failing meerschaum, and sent for Miss Ella Wraith.

Rather a curious proceeding, it may seem, on the part of a host and a lover. But when it is remembered that Captain Arnott was as obese and gouty as he was rich, the fault is accounted for; as also the one, that he was proverbially ill-tempered in getting a wife.

So, with his pedal extremities well swathed in their white bandages, and his gold eye-glass dangling over his snowy-white vest, Captain Arnott smiled satisfiedly at his portly self, and sent for Miss Ella Wraith, and Miss Wraith, recollecting, at the last moment, that perhaps the lady might object to visiting her lover alone in his library.

Together the ladies came; the elder, calm and dignified; the younger, with a merry laugh in her eyes, that she had to turn her head to conceal.

The gentleman welcomed them with gallant politeness.

"I beg you will be seated, ladies, and excuse my inability to rise. I am aware of the possible incongruity existing between my present condition and the delightful purpose for which I sent to you; but, my impatience is my excuse."

He paused, and the ladies bowed.

"Miss Ella, I want you to marry me. Will you do it?"

He had asked the question suddenly, and now seemed vastly relieved that it was over with.

The girl blushed and smiled.

"I feel highly honored, Captain Arnott, but—"

"Is there a 'but' in this case, too? I hoped there was no obstacle between us."

Ellie laughed.

"Are you not the gentleman that said I should not be bidden among the guests? I was so informed."

You not be bidden? how can that be, when you were a stranger to me, brought by Miss Irene Salvage?"

"True, I am a stranger to you, although you are not to me. But, Captain Arnott, to

last, I've sent for Wiley to come next Tuesday and spend a fortnight. And I expect you to entertain him, and accept him if he proposes to you."

"Then I shall leave this house on Monday night! I will not deliberately meet the man who knows I am the wife picked out for him by his friends; whom he must marry, no matter what. Grandmother St. Grace, I'll be disinherited first! I'll go out to work in a Sixth avenue kitchen, first!"

How her pretty eyes glowed and her cheeks burned, and Mrs. St. Grace smiled amusedly at her.

"Very well," she answered, sturdily. "If you choose to make a goose of yourself, I'm not the one to hinder you."

She arose to give orders for the luncheon, leaving Muriel alone.

"I will not submit to such a ridiculous demand! Just as if a woman ought not to exercise her own judgment in the selection of a husband! Before I'd marry Wiley Rathmere, I'd do 'most any thing! I hate the very thought of him; mean-spirited jack-a-napes to think he only has to come to St. Grace and tell me I am to have him!"

Her eyes shone like stars, and she hastened up the elegant staircase to her own room.

"Poor grandma! she does love me, and for all I said, she don't dream of my going!"

She packed a little valise with necessary articles, took her portmanteau—full to stuffing, thanks to grandma St. Grace's generosity and her own economy—and then wrote a note to the old lady.

When Mrs. St. Grace returned from her customary morning drive, Muriel was gone.

The old lady read the lines, then sat down, and wiped her glasses.

"I never thought she meant it! my poor child! But she's never gone to that awful New York—it's only a trick of hers to frighten me. She's on a visit to some school friend or other, I'm sorry I was so severe."

And the old lady went through the splendid house, lonely enough without the girl's laughing voice.

How pretty Muriel Lambert was as she tripped up the stone steps of Mrs. Vanderyn's elegant mansion on Lexington avenue; her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes sparkling with expectation.

Her neat traveling suit of silvery-gray poplin, with its flounces and stylish panier; the graceful "Brigand" hat of white Neapolitan, trimmed with trailing pink velvet blossoms; the dainty gray kids, and neat walking boots; altogether a very fashionable

seek to wed a wife; while Pet and Frank bless their lucky stars that he was won to give his unqualified approval of her.

Very Like Fate.

BY FANNY ELLIOTT.

The fresh morning air of a cool, keen October day came refreshingly through the open windows at the St. Grace mansion, lifting the short, dusky curls that drooped over the face of a young girl who sat there; her pretty features wearing an expression of defiance, mingled with regret.

"What ever I'm to do with you, Muriel, I'm sure I can't tell. You're enough to try the patience of forty Jaks!"

The nervous little old lady opposite shook out the folds of the black silk morning-wrappers, as she glanced across the room to her delinquent granddaughter.

"I'm sure I can't tell, grandma. I try to please you, indeed I do, and I always have, ever since mother died, and I came to this house to live. Am I so very troublesome?"

It was a sweet, piquant face, lighted by two merry brown eyes; with a tender, dimpling mouth, and delicately flushed cheeks; a face, was Muriel Lambert's, that any one would have turned around for another look at, so fresh, and guileless, and wistful as it was.

Grandma St. Grace sighed, then smiled. "No; not so very, after all, Muriel. Only you do persist in being so vexatiously stubborn with regard to Wiley Rathmere. You know it is the dearest wish of my life to see you two in love with each other!"

Muriel's brown eyes took a lurking smile in them.

"It's so funny! Just like a novel, where the heroine has been out and dried for her handsome, god-like hero, whom she never has seen! It's splendidly romantic!"

"Put romance aside, Muriel. Mr. Rathmere is handsome, and, moreover, wealthy and influential. Such chances don't occur every day."

"It's lucky they don't, grandma, if all the girls had this foolish arrangement as heartily as I do!"

Then Muriel's eyes flashed a little, and grandma St. Grace saw she must come to the point at once.

"Muriel, I may as well tell you, first as

young lady to be answering the advertisement for a private music and French governess.

At least so thought the tall colored man who opened the door and ushered her into the library.

A sweet-faced lady in a white cashmere morning robe arose as she entered, with the true courtesy of the well-bred patrician.

"I am Miss Burton—" and Muriel blushed at the false pride that caused her to drop her own name; "you advertised for a governess?"

Her sweet, ladylike manners evidently favorably impressed Mrs. Vanderyn.

"Yes—you are not the applicant?" she looked a little inquisitively at Muriel.

"Yes, ma'am. I assure you I am older than I look; I can play very well, and feel myself competent to instruct in at least the preliminary points of the French language."

Mrs. Vanderyn smiled at the eagerness of her manner.

"And your recommendations, my child?"

Muriel paled—she had never thought of that!

"I have none, for this will be my first place! Please let me come on trial, Mrs. Vanderyn, and if I don't suit I'll not charge any thing."

The lady laughed outright this time.

"Oh, I guess there'll be no difficulty about that. Will you be satisfied with five hundred dollars a year?"

Muriel's eyes sparkled.

"Indeed I will, ma'am. May I stay now?"

And that was the way "Ella Burton" unconsciously made one link in her chain of fate.

"Will I go down to St. Grace to see this wonderful paragon the old lady is so enthusiastic over? May I be eternally tormented with a disgusted conscience if I do!"

He was a handsome fellow, with an open, independent face, and a mischievous smile lurking in his bold blue eyes—not bad, villainous eyes, only bold, honest, wide-awake.

He tore the letter contemptuously into two.

"No offense to the kind-hearted old lady, who evidently dotes on this faultless granddaughter of hers. I'll bet a hundred dollars I can describe this perfect specimen of female loveliness at one trial!"

He tossed the fragments of the invitation in the waste basket, and then settled his feet comfortably on the desk before him.

"Tall, awfully innocent, freckled face, raw-boned and angular, with, maybe, a cross-eye to improve her! It's always the way with 'em! These excruciatingly praised-up people you've never seen generally turn up a fraud! By George! ain't she a picture!"

The last expression fell from his lips in a very different tone of voice from his half-spiteful soliloquy, and Wiley Rathmere, of the dignified firm of "Rathmere and Engleton," springing in a very unwelcome manner from his chair and rushed to the window.

And just in time to stare impolitely in Muriel Lambert's lovely face, and bow half-vaguely to little Mrs. Vanderyn!

"Oh, Mrs. Vanderyn, he was handsome! Who was it?"

Muriel's cheeks were blushing with the remembrance of his ardent gaze; and Mrs. Vanderyn laughed at her starry eyes.

"He? Oh, it's young Mr. Engleton, of the firm—Engleton and—There, I never can remember the partner's name. It was a long time before I could distinguish between the gentlemen themselves."

"Engleton! It's a beautiful name."

"I shall expect to see him down to the house now, Miss Burton. He is a great ladies' man; one of our few cavaliers, who are sans reproche."

Muriel walked on, wondering why her heart kept throbbing so, and thinking how very handsome Mr. Engleton's eyes were!

And back in his office-chair, Wiley Rathmere was vowing to himself he'd get an introduction to that fair-faced girl before the world was a fortnight older.

"Just suppose I'd gone and seen that girl up at the St. Grace and missed this wondrous revelation of beauty! Bah! the very name of Muriel Lambert sickens me! Confound it, if I don't admire that little beauty altogether too much for a first sight!"

True to Mrs. Vanderyn's pleasant prophecy, the young lawyer called; and he and Miss Burton were introduced in proper style—with a slight exception.

Mrs. Vanderyn's "memory," as regarded names and faces, had certainly played her false for another time, and with all due gravity and unconscious ignorance, she presented them.

"Mr. Engleton, this is my dear little friend, Miss Ella Burton; permit me to introduce you, sir."

He looked up a moment, but she was looking so earnest, he concluded to let the joke—such he believed it to be—pass till another time; and with a comical smile in his eyes, he bowed, and immediately made up his mind to marry Ella Burton—provided she'd have him.

"It'll be a good joke on Engleton," he thought.

Evening and evening he called; day after day they took long drives; and still he was Mr. Engleton. A strange feeling he could not account for, kept him from the confession of his name; but he little dreamed it was a second link he was forging in this delightful fate-chain.

One day, when they had driven out to Central Park, he told her how dearly he loved her; and, with her heart almost leaping from her mouth, she confessed how dear he was to her.

"Then, my darling, I have a second confession to make to you. I am sure you will pardon me for it, when I tell you Mrs. Vanderyn made a mistake in my name, which I permitted to pass uncorrected. I am not Mr. Engleton, my pet. I am Wiley Rathmere."

Muriel sprang back with a startled little cry; then she looked earnestly at him a moment; then she laughed a joyous, merry laugh, that thrilled every fiber of his frame.

"Is it possible! And you have not the slightest idea I am other than Ella Burton?"

He laughed, as he answered: "Not the slightest. I'm not afraid of your sailing under false colors."

"But I am, Wiley. You will not love me the less that I am not Ella Burton, but Muriel Lambert, of St. Grace?"

It would be a difficult matter to portray the surprise, the delight, the merriest consequent to the disclosure.

Mrs. Vanderyn was delighted; and old grandma St. Grace declared "there was a Providence in it."

And Wiley and Muriel, who so thoroughly detested each other, have occasion many a time to rejoice over that mysterious "fate" that worked out their blessed life together.



CAPTAIN ARNOTT'S FLIRTATION.



TWO WAYS.

BY E. W.

Oh, cutting and bleak was the chill wind that blew—
In my dream o'er the narrow way,
All weary and faint seemed the pilgrims that strode
In the morning's wintry ray.

I turned with dismay in my cowardly heart,
To the valley all blooming below,
And beheld the broad road filled with pleasure and
Love,

Where never came sound of woe.

Where flowers and songs of beautiful birds
Were filling the air with joy,
And never a flower, and never a bird,
Would you think was a sweet decoy.

The clouds on the ridge where the pilgrims strode,
Pressed heavily down on each breast,
But never a cloud in the shining vale,
But pleasures and beautiful rest.

"Oh, the valley for me!" and I sprang in their midst
And journeyed the road with the throng;
Journeyed for months and for years with the rest,
And joined in their wild pleasure song.

'Till a dread day there came, and the beautiful vale
Had ceased in a gulf at my feet;
A gulf that no bridge but of mercy could span,
And from which there was no retreat.

But the clouds that had pressed on the pilgrims' breasts,
Were vanished forever in light,
As they entered the gate with their glorified songs,
And their transfigured robes of white.

The Perils of a Night.

BY CHARLES E. LASALLE.

II.

THAT which descended so unexpectedly from the tree and stood before Brandon Havens was a man.

And such a man! huge, ragged, with a face whose gleaming eyes and grizzled whiskers and spiky hair gave a fiendish hideousness to his appearance that sent a shudder through the frame of the young hunter, as he stared wonderingly upon him.

"Hooh! you never seed me afore, I s'pose," fairly shouted the man, with a voice like the growl of a grizzly bear.

"I don't remember that I have," replied Havens, assuming an air of indifference which he was far from feeling.

"I've seed you! Hooh! I know you?" "You do; perhaps you can tell me my name?"

"Brandon Havens!" I knowed you afore you could walk. Hooh! I bet I did!"

"You surprise me, as I have no recollection of you," replied Brandon, as he stepped back a pace or two.

"Course not; be you afeard of me?" "Are you an enemy?" inquired the hunter, with the same assumed nonchalance.

Disregarding the question, which had first been asked him, the savage continued: "I know your father's name, too, and he knows me, and his name is John Havens, and mine is Baldy Mugstow, and hooh! fer that!"

"My father has been dead several years," said Brandon, as gently as possible.

"I'm sorry."

"Thank you—"

"Hooh! you needn't thank me, fer I'm only sorry 'cause I hain't got the chance of killing him myself—that's what ails me!"

Shocked and disquieted at the behavior of this brute, Havens instinctively stepped a pace or two back, when Mugstow followed him with his:

"Hooh! 'fraid, be you?"

"Why should I be afeard?" demanded our hero, whose temper began to show itself at this repeated insult. "What is there to fear about you?"

"Cause, I'm your enemy—I've been watching fer twenty years a chance to knife that father of yours, and now he's gone and cheated me. So you'll have to take his place."

Havens began to look upon the man as a lunatic, but who, for all that, was desperately dangerous. As it was, he would have preferred the society of the wounded panther.

He endeavored to lead him off from the dreadful subject which seemed to occupy his mind.

"Have you been in that tree all night, or ever since I came here?"

"That's jist where I have been. Hooh! I sleep there every night."

"Why didn't you come down before?"

"Hooh! I jist sot there, and seed how you made it with the wolves and that painter. I waited till you got through with them, and then I intended to come down and get through with you."

"You seem to hold my father with a memory of hate; I can not understand it."

"Hooh! do you know what he tried to do? He tried to hang me, but I got out of jail, and I chested 'em all!" and Mugstow sprang in air, and snapped his fingers in token of his exultation.

"Why did they put you in jail?"

"Cause I took a man and did that," replied the outlaw, making a significant movement, as though he were thrusting a knife into his breast.

"What reason had you for killing the man?"

"Hooh! I didn't like him; wasn't that enough reason? Then, when they come to arrest me, I put a rifle-ball through another. Hooh! didn't he let go of me quick?"

"But they caught you?"

"They cotched me and put me in the jail, but one night, when there was a big thunder-storm, I broke out, and put fer the West, and here I've been living ever since. Do you think they have forgot me?"

There was such an eager air about the white savage that Havens thought the better side of his nature had come uppermost, and he was anxious to return to his native neighborhood—a fact which he took as evidence of repentance upon his part.

"There may be some who remember you; but such a long time has elapsed since the commission of your—that is since your difficulty—that I do not believe any one would attempt to molest you."

This assurance was very far from producing the effect intended or expected: it seemed rather to exasperate Mugstow still more.

"I ain't afeard of that!" he exclaimed, with great ferociousness, "I was only wonderin' whether there was a chance of stealin' up to some of 'em, and getting even with 'em. Your father was the man that throwed me down and tied my hands, when the others dasen't come near me. Oh! how I'd like to steal up behind him, and put him out of the way! But he has cheated me. I knowed you all the time, when I was up in the tree!" added Mugstow, with a sly significance. "I didn't intend you should git away, and so I've come down to finish you."

It looked very much as if a fearful struggle was inevitable between the two. If Baldy Mugstow was not a lunatic, he certainly was a maniac on the matter of revenge. Still Havens had some hopes that he might be diverted from his fell purpose.

"Have I ever injured you, Baldy?" he inquired, in the kindest voice he could assume.

"Dunno as you have."

"Then why do you wish to hurt me?" "Why?" demanded the savage, in a voice that was almost a shriek, "cause you're his child! I knowed you the minute I sot eyes on you. You've got his nose and mouth and hair—and you're so much like him, that when you're dying I'll stand over you and think you are him!"

Few situations can be imagined more trying than this, wherein a young man finds himself face to face with a powerful savage who is bent and determined on taking his life. Like Prince Arthur, Havens had endeavored to dissuade his enemy from his purpose, but with a far different result.

All his efforts seemed to confirm him the more in his unnatural resolve.

What to do Brandon Havens could not tell. Mugstow was nearly double his weight, and was certainly a man of such tremendous power, that he could crush him to the earth as though he were an infant.

Less than a dozen feet separated the two, and our hero determined to hold himself in readiness to raise his gun and fire the moment the savage attempted to advance upon him.

"S'pose I should let you go," added Mugstow, "you'd never git out of here alive."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the young man, not comprehending his meaning.

"You're right on the Delaware hunting-grounds, and if a white man once gits that, they never let him away ag'in."

"How is it you are not disturbed?"

"Hooh! they know me too well; they've got Zeke Quigley fer a chief, and he knows me, too. No danger from them."

"And you live here alone?"

"That's what I do jist."

"Do you wish to return to the settlements?"

"Hooh! what do you ask that fer?"

"If you do, go back with me, and I think I can promise you safety."

"No, you don't," was the reply, uttered with additional fierceness. "I don't want to go to the settlements, and if I did you couldn't do me any good. That's all intended to make me believe you're a friend to me, but you can't come it. I've come down to kill you, and I'm going to do it."

What more could Brandon Havens say? He felt that nothing remained except for him to stand on his guard, and be ready when the critical moment should come.

Still the savage hesitated. There seemed to be some debate going on in his mind.

"I've been thinking whether to use the knife or gun, and I've concluded that it shall be the gun."

"Very well."

"You stand right where you are; then I'll walk away twenty paces, as I s'pose you won't want to see me, and then I'll turn and shoot, and it'll be all over, 'cause I never miss a shot."

"Very well," replied Havens, with the air of a man who is resigned to his fate.

The savage turned and began walking away. The instant his back was turned, Brandon stole noiselessly away in the woods, motioning to Wolf to remain quiet for the time.

Fortunately the fugitive did not betray his flight, and when Baldy Mugstow suddenly turned and raised his rifle, his victim had vanished!

For a moment he stood petrified; then arose a howl, like that of some infuriated beast, when disappointed of its prey, and he dashed forward toward the camp-fire, and glanced savagely around.

Nothing was to be seen of the man he had notified to prepare for death a few seconds before, and he comprehended the fact that he was baffled!

From the wood, Brandon Havens peered out upon the raging savage, and from his heart thanked the Being who had thus providentially averted what seemed an almost certain death.

As he stood silent and watchful, Wolf came stealthily up beside him, and pressed his head against his knee.

Our hero now fully appreciated the truth of what his old friend Hugh Kyle, the ranger said, when he pronounced this portion of the West as dangerous to a civilized white man as it was possible for it to be.

Already he had been preserved from more than one frightful death, and still he had not encountered the most dreadful foes of all—the Indians themselves, who made this their principal hunting-ground.

"Come, Wolf," said he, as he patted the head of the wounded animal, "this is no place for us, and we will get as far away as we can."

Where to go he could not determine, except that his safest plan was to get as far away from Baldy Mugstow as possible.

There was the fear of being followed by him in the morning, as he had no doubt that such a character possessed all the skill and patient persistency of an Indian in trailing a foe through the forest, until he had run him to death, and satisfied his evil hate upon him.

By this time it was fully midnight, and despite the exciting scenes through which Brandon Havens had passed, he became sensible of a drowsiness creeping over him, as he carefully threaded his way through the forest.

He did his best to fight it off, for he saw the peril of yielding to it; but, sleep is as insidious an enemy as death, and when a half-hour had passed, he saw that he must yield to it.

At this time he was in the very depth of the woods, wandering he knew not in what direction, but as he hoped toward the river, which he had come to look upon as the dividing line between safety and danger.

It being too dark in the gloom of the wilderness to select a suitable tree in which to ensconce himself, he seated himself with his back against the trunk, and folded his arms with his rifle lying across his lap.

"Now, Wolf, if you will watch by me for a short time, you will do another of the hundred kind things you have done for me. Keep a sharp eye, for you know the need of it."

It was the expectation of Havens to gain about an hour's sleep, when he intended to awake and resume his journey; but his frame was so exhausted that when he closed his eyes they did not open again until long after daylight.

All know the curious liability of a person when lost in the woods to wander in a circle, caused as it is generally believed by an unconscious habit of stepping slightly further with one foot than with the other.

Thus it happened that Brandon Havens had committed this serious error, and with not the slightest thought of such danger, had seated himself within fifty feet of his own camp-fire, which had now smoldered to such a low point as to be invisible.

At this camp-fire, the baffled Baldy Mugstow was seated, sullenly smoking a short black pipe, and waiting for the light of day, to take up the trail of the young man he hated so intensely.

"I'll get him yet," he muttered; "he looks so much like his father that it's all the same to me. I must have him! I must have him!"

Thus the wicked man sat muttering to himself and smoking, hour after hour, until the gray light of morning began breaking through the wood.

Then he rose to his feet, and the first object that caught his view was young Brandon Havens, sitting with his head against a tree, sound asleep.

Here then was his victim, and with his drawn knife in his hand, he began to move stealthily toward him, certain that his victim could not escape this time.

A half-hour or more, when the young hunter opened his eyes, a strange sight met his gaze.

Baldy Mugstow was stretched out upon the earth stone dead, killed by the jaws of Wolf, who had fastened his teeth in his throat and never loosened them.

Struck again and again with the murderous knife, the dog, "faithful in death," had still clung with a fierceness that could not be shaken off, until the massive savage had succumbed, and man and brute died together!

Brandon Havens thanked God for his deliverance, and dropped more than one hot tear over Wolf, who lay inanimate at his feet, and then he plunged anew into the wood.

Soon he came to the banks of a stream. Was it Rattlesnake creek on which his friends were camped? If so, were they above or below him? He sat down to think. The sun, now well overhead, showed him his course; the stream led away to the south-east, from whence the party had come. To follow it downward would, at least, lead him homeward, and his mind was made up to tramp down along its banks.

But a speck floating on the rapid current arrested his attention. It was a tin cup—nothing else. Where had this come from? Not from any Indian camp, certainly, for

it was bright and new. He succeeded in fishing it from the water, and upon its bottom saw, as if scratched by a knife-point, H. K.

"Hugh Kyle's!" he cried, "and the camp is above me!"

It was like a voice to him, and, now with confidence he pressed on, always keeping the creek in view; and late that afternoon his eyes were gladdened with the smoke which he knew came from the evening camp-fire. His peril indeed was past, but he never forgot that dread night in the great woods of the North, nor the memory of the brave dog who died to save his master's life.

Attacked by River Pirates.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"ALL of you," said the old gentleman, in blue homespun, "are of course familiar with the name, and perhaps the history, of the great robber, cut-throat and counterfeiter, John A. Murrell, and consequently know that *Cave in Rock*, which is just below us, was his head-quarters."

Well, Murrell and his gang had been swept from the earth by the strong arm of the law, aided by treachery among the robbers themselves, but there still remained, at the time of which I speak, small bands of men, operating for the same end, and throughout the same region of country, as had the great chief himself.

"The incident that I am going to relate has to do with these villains, and it took place somewhere near by, if I mistake not, where we now are."

"Where are we, Mr. Clerk?" he asked, turning to the office.

"Just above Cave in Rock, sir," was the reply.

"I thought so," continued the narrator, who was an old, white-haired gentleman, probably a well-to-do planter, on his way to St. Louis, on board the *Monticello*. His audience consisted of half a dozen unfortunates, myself among the number, who had been unable to secure state-rooms, and were consequently trying to put in the time by relating personal "experiences" while grouped around the stove in the "social hall."

"Yes, I thought so, for I have good cause, very good cause to remember the locality."

"In those days, gentlemen, traveling on the river—and you will remember that steamboats were not what they now are—was just about as risky as it was overland, and that, through these regions, is saying a good deal. Why bless you, gentlemen, those villains thought nothing of luring a boat ashore on pretense of passengers, and then boarding and gutting her from stem to stern. But, I'm getting ahead of my story. I was then, as I am now, on my way to St. Louis, but on no such steamer as this. She was a little low-water stern-wheeler, with a crew numbering five besides the captain, and the two pilots."

"Our passenger-list showed seven names, four of whom were ladies and one child of half a score years or so."

"We had progressed unusually well during the early part of the voyage, and all anticipated a quick trip. When toward the evening of the fifth day out, we were signaled from a bluff, where the town of Evansville now stands, and at once headed in to take the passenger—there was but one—aboard."

"He was a queer specimen—a little, dried-up old man, quick and nervous in all his movements, and with the most remarkable pair of eyes in his bullet-head, that I ever saw. They were never still an instant, darting here and there, now up toward the tree-tops—then at your boots; again taking the measure of your watch-chain, but never, under any circumstances, looking anybody square in the face."

"I distrusted this fellow from the first, and, as you will see, with pretty good reason. As luck would have it his state-room, or bunk, to speak correctly, was next mine, a proximity that I did not at all fancy, but which in the end turned out for the best."

"The evening of the second day after taking the passenger aboard, found us entering the long straight reach of river over which we have just passed, and with every prospect of a stormy night before us."

"As the sun went down, great masses of dark and threatening clouds began to sweep up from the south-western border, and by the time it had grown fully dark, the storm was upon us in all its force."

"I have been traveling this river for more than fifty years, steamboat and flat-boat, but I never witnessed such a night as the one of which I am speaking."

"The passengers had all gathered together in the forward part of the cabin, as though to gain courage from each other's presence, much the same as a lot of sheep will do under similar circumstances."

"I said all, but I am mistaken; one was wanting, and that one was the little old man with the snaky eyes. He was nowhere to be seen, and my first thought was that he had sought his berth until the storm should cease."

"With this impression I slowly walked back through the cabin, and finding his room door slightly ajar I peeped in. The bed was empty, as was the room. Not yet satisfied, and impelled by a feeling I can not explain, I continued the search in every direction, but in vain, and finally

stepped out upon the guards. These were likewise deserted and I was on the point of going inside, when, just as I turned, I caught the gleam of a light, evidently flashed from the timber along the river-bank. Three times, at short intervals, I saw the momentary glare, and then it came no more."

"I was wondering what could induce any one to be abroad in such a tempest, especially with no other purpose than that of making a light and then putting it out again, when the sound of cautious footsteps from the lower deck caused me to look over the guard into the darkness below. I caught the faint outlines of a human figure that had stopped directly under where I stood, and the next instant a long, narrow line of light shot out from the steamer's side, rested a moment upon the surface of the troubled waters, and as quickly disappeared. Again and once again the light, and both these times I could hear the slight grating as of the slide of a dark lantern being withdrawn and replaced, and then the figure glided away into the deeper darkness of the overhanging deck, and was lost to sight."

"The light that flashed from that dark lantern was not quicker than was the revelation that dawned upon my mind."

"They were signals from the land answered by some one from the boat, and these signals, I knew were not uselessly made, nor with any good intent."

"I sprang into the cabin, crossed it and went out at the opposite side, where, behind a pile of luggage, I ensconced myself to watch the stairway that led up from the lower or boiler deck."

"Hardly had I got secreted before the same figure that I had seen below stole up the steps, paused to glance cautiously around as he arrived at the top, and then, apparently satisfied, it entered the cabin by the door through which I had come out."

"I need hardly say it was our new passenger, the little old man with the snaky eyes. I instantly followed, but he had disappeared into his state-room, so I immediately entered the office, and asked the clerk to at once summon the captain."

"In a few moments I made known what I had seen, and I at once observed the faces of both officers grow grave as though the danger was fully as great as I had imagined. Nor was I mistaken."

"The captain hastily produced a pair of heavy double-barreled pistols, considered a perfect arm in those days, and asking me to follow, led the way back to the stranger's state-room."

"Without pausing to knock, the captain opened the door and entered, pistol in hand."

"The room was empty."

"He's gone below again!" he exclaimed, in great excitement. "Quick! He—arouse the passengers while I see what the scoundrel is after!" and he ran along the guard and disappeared down the stairway."

"The clerk had already aroused the pilot off duty and his own assistant, and as I got the others out, and hastily informed them of the state of affairs, the voice of the captain was heard from below."

"Quick, men! they are boarding us!" he shouted, instantly followed by the sharp crack of his pistols fired in rapid succession."

"We went below in a body, rushing pell-mell down the stairs through the boiler-room, and back among the machinery, where the sound of the conflict was going on."

"We were not a second too soon."

"A large yawl, in which were half a dozen ugly-looking ruffians, lay alongside, while the captain was engaged hand to hand with two others who had already succeeded in gaining a foothold on the deck."

"One man lay dead beneath the feet of the combatants, and I was not sorry to see that it was the scoundrel who had brought all this trouble about."

"The captain had shot him through the head just as he was stooping to catch the painter of the boat that had brought over his confederates."

"But there was no time to indulge in thoughts over the dead; the living had to be attended to, and that in a manner that put our fighting qualities to the utmost test."

"The pirates seemed completely maddened by the resistance they had so unexpectedly met, and were evidently determined to carry the vessel by storm, let the result be what it would."

"A shot from the pilot knocked over one of the fellows with whom the captain was engaged, just as those in the boat boarded and rushed upon us in a body. The details of a fight like that can never be given by one engaged; at least, I can not. All I know is that the conflict was waged with a fury that I have never seen equaled."

"Twice we were driven back among the machinery, and as often did we charge and recover the lost ground."

"One of the pilots and the first clerk were stretched upon the deck, as were the bodies of three of the assailants besides the old man, and several of us were bleeding from serious wounds."

"Things began to look squally, and we were beginning to think of retreating to the upper deck, when suddenly a reinforcement, in the shape of the engineer and two or three deck-hands appeared upon the scene."

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"The pirates were driven back, and we were beginning to think of retreating to

"They were only armed with heavy bits of wood, capstan-bars and the like, but they were sufficient to turn the tide of battle nevertheless, and we at once began driving the villains.

"They fought desperately, for there was no retreat, the boat having been cut adrift early in the action, probably by the robbers themselves, as they seemed to be certain of victory. One by one they fell, until but two remained, and these we overpowered and securely bound hand and foot.

"Those I have mentioned as having fallen upon our side were both dead—I mean the clerk and pilot, and this, with the exception of various wounds, was the extent of our suffering.

"But this was a heavy loss, as both were not only excellent officers, but estimable gentlemen as well.

"The bodies of the robbers were tossed overboard, the signs of the conflict cleared away, and then, with hearts heavy, though full of vengeance, we went above to wait for morning.

"At daylight we landed upon a little island in mid-river, and here, to the limb of a giant cottonwood, we hung the two miscreants we had captured, leaving their bodies suspended as a warning to others of their tribe.

"The remainder of the voyage was made in safety, and that, I am happy to say, was my last experience with river pirates."

Fate.

BY HARRY A. R.

With a nervous start I awoke, and sitting upright in bed looked around me! Only a dream! but so vivid that I could scarcely believe it unreal, till, with an effort, I collected my scattered senses. The cold sweat stood in beads on my forehead, and as I wiped them away the thought broke upon me that this was the third time that I had been startled by this dream. Each time the same in every particular, and though months had intervened between the times and places of my dreaming, still it was the same each time, even in the lightest detail. The same lonely place in the road; the small stagnant pool on the one side, and on the other, thick clustering bushes, back of which were dense woods, casting their shadows over the road.

Three times in my dreams had I seen this place, and each time had I awoke, trembling, with a dread of something to follow, but which I failed to understand, as at the moment the certainty of danger was felt by me, I was startled out of sleep. To deny that it made a deep impression upon me would be useless. For days it troubled me, and to free my mind of the burden that seemed to be upon it, I told my chum and only confidant, Jack Southack, of my dream and its effects upon me. I only provoked a hearty laugh at my taking it so much to heart.

Weeks passed on and the impression wore away as other cares crowded in. My friend Jack had of late become rather wild, and our small town did not contain sufficient excitement for him, and he had gone to try his luck elsewhere, and his parting salutation to me was, "Look out, Harry, for that terrible place in the road!" and laughingly bade me good-by. I also soon left for other fields of fortune and forgot my dream, and seldom thought of my old friend and companion, Jack Southack.

Travelers through California, who have made the trip across the Sierra Nevadas, will well remember the welcome always received at the little hotel near the summit, called the "Snow Tent." Here, in one of the passes, an old settler had built a log-house of a dozen rooms, and there the weary traveler could always find a good dinner and a place to "lay out." The miners around that section made the "Snow Tent" their headquarters, where the latest "strikes" and prospectings were talked over, and where any one disposed to try his luck at eucher or seven-up could always find an opponent, ready to risk his last ounce on the game. And there, too, you would meet the desperadoes of the country, who, when luck went against them at the gaming-table, would go forth to some hiding-place in the chapparal and pounce onto the first traveler passing, and relieve him of his valuables.

The road was infested with these fellows, and safety was alone secured by numbers traveling together. I had joined a party at one of the lower towns and we had traveled together thus far, arriving at the "Snow Tent" about noon. Here I was to part with them.

After a hearty dinner and a pipe I mounted my horse, and bidding my late companions good-by, started off. I was well-armed, and having but a few miles to travel that afternoon, felt no fear. The ride through the woods was invigorating, the day was clear and pleasant and the thick foliage of the trees kept the hot sun from streaming down upon me. I rode leisurely along, my mind busy with thoughts of home. A sharp turn in the road brought me out of the woods on the one side, while on the other they appeared more dense. Hardly had I noticed this, and was congratulating myself on my safe journey, when, raising my eyes, I saw before me the place of my dream! The stagnant pool on the one side of the road, and the thick bushes on the other, while the

dense forest threw its shadows over the place. It flashed over my brain in an instant! I seemed to feel the danger that I could not understand in my dream. I saw a fate in it all and quickly decided to brave it.

Seating myself firmly in the saddle, I put spurs into my horse and dashed over the road! To get by that place, and that as quickly as possible, was my only thought! I neared it; I goaded my horse to his utmost speed! I shouted to urge him on! I flew by the spot, and sudden darkness came upon me! A shot—and I remember no more!

I opened my eyes with an effort. I was lying on the ground, in the shade of a large tree by the roadside. A handkerchief was bound around my head, and the dull, throbbing pain through my temples told me where the blow had fallen! I was weak from loss of blood, and my eyesight dim and unsteady. I raised my hand to my forehead, and as I did so I noticed that attached to a string tied around my wrist was a piece of paper. As eagerly as my condition would allow, I tore it off, and read:

"HARRY BROWN:—Do you remember your dream of five years ago? Little did I think I should help you to realize it. I recognized you when too late! but, thank God, I did not kill you. The wound is not fatal. Remain where you are and assistance will be sent you. Reckless and desperate as I am, I shall suffer more for this day's work than you. Forgive me, if you can."

"JACK SOUTHACK."

I did forgive him, but never had an opportunity of telling him so, for that night poor Jack was killed over the gaming-table at the "Snow Tent."

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORST.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

THERE is such a thing as feeling good. Now, having provided against almost every possible contingency; having sworn that I might reap; having fortified myself that I might be able to fight for my life; having seen to the interests of my flocks and herds, and done all that was in one man's power to do for my plantation; I had my time upon my hands, and, sooth to say, felt very much like a wealthy country gentleman, ready for amusement for amusement's sake, without any reference to its utility or advantage.

I wanted to kill time. Many a man has done a worse thing. Every great statesman, ruler, and conqueror has been of the same opinion. Some, in their hours of recreation, have taken to cards, some to tennis, some to jumping as high as possible, like a certain cardinal; some to fiddling—about the least sensible of ways; and some to wickedness to which I will not further allude. Now, it was always my opinion that that which you do purely from a sense of duty, of necessity, of utility, does not sufficiently recreate the mind.

All work is equally or more conducive to insanity than all play. Let nobody persuade you, my dear boys, that incessant application is good. On the contrary, it is a great evil. The human mind is like a cart-wheel, and wants continual greasing, only that, instead of grease, it wants amusement. The harder a man works, the more highly wrought are the faculties of his brain; and the more real and positive his labor, the greater should be the zeal with which he should enter upon any enjoyment that is not criminal.

Strain not the delicate fabric of the mind, which, like the panting horse dragging heavy weights up-hill, is all the better for those merciful halts which, in countries purely mountainous, are always provided. Not even the authority of a parent should condemn a child to grind ever at any work.

Perhaps all this may be only to palliate the fact that it was with a sense of deep enjoyment I one day made up my mind I would have what was called at school a "spree." And what think you, boys, was the way in which I determined to enjoy the whole holiday which I had made up my mind to give myself?

I determined to have a day's fishing. Now, it is of no use my concealing the matter; the preparations for the day did cost me many hours of preliminary labor. But then—the truth be spoken—it was of an evening. There was a rod to make, lines to twist, hooks to contrive, and then bait, for had I not the audacity to intend fly-fishing?

All this may appear very puerile; but let anybody reflect upon my forlorn and deserted condition, obliged to fall back upon myself wholly for support and amusement. Still, open confession is good for the soul; and I must candidly say that my preparations for my day's angling gave me more delight than any great hunt of the *Grande Monarchie* did him.

The rod was a masterpiece. I selected with my eye a number of the very best bamboos of various sizes, which I cut down, removed to my hut, and seasoned. Then they were cut in proper lengths, the points hollowed out, and so cut and shaved as admirably to fit. It was wonderful to see the delight I felt in anything so simple, but I verily believe that I stood in actual awe of my own talents.

It may appear strange, but this day of boyhood, of real and intense happiness, had been hatching in my mind for many a day. All the sly bits of gut which I put by, trying to persuade myself that they might turn up some day for some essentially useful purpose, and yet, sly old fox that I was, knowing all the time that it was to be one of the elements of my long-meditated day's pleasure.

The line, or rather the lines—I had fished too often on the broads and rivers of Norfolk, to trust to one—were made with the utmost ease of gut and cocoon fiber, while the flies were artificially fashioned by means of feathers culled from my poultry-yard. But the hooks! Here, I confess, I was at a *nolupis* for some time, until, at length, I bethought me of cutting off, by means of a saw-knife heated, a piece from the top of one of my gun-bars.

This was a task which nearly overcame my courage and my resolution. But at last I was successful, and by dint of care, hammering on a polished anvil of stone, succeeded in making some strong wire, which was then fashioned into hooks of various sizes.

This was a triumph. Never, since the days when I had caught my first minnow with a crooked pin—and you know the excitement of that, boys—had I been so happy. In my boyhood's joyous hours, when I knew no care or thought of sorrow, when trouble was a stranger to me, I had been passionately fond of this most entrancing of all amusements. I knew every stream within twenty miles of home.

I could see them pass distinctly before my eyes as I was busy on my self-allotted task; there was one rapid, clear and sparkling, now gliding through some rocky gorge, where some separate fish move in solitary majesty, and the current, angry at being confined, rushed with mad impetuosity on toward open meadows, fringed by alders and willows, through which, as the morning sun beamed on the broad and silvery stream, many a glorious trout and grayling might be observed glancing and leaping on its surface.

The other was quiet and sluggish, winding the slow and easy turn of its way through green and grassy meadows and flat, alluvial soil, its sedge banks the hiding-place of many a colossal pike; while in the deep and quiet holes were many a gigantic perch. I thought of those other days when, off the end of an old jetty in the queer old town of Yarmouth, I would, with a deep-sea line, wait patiently for flat fish and lobsters.

These were happy days—were they not, boys?

There was one great day in my young life, when, with the under-feathers of the partridge's tail for wings, a little red hackle for legs, hare's ear for a body, and a couple of rats' whiskers for a tail, I made a fly that caught no end of salmon. But I am becoming garrulous, and in my thoughts of the halcyon hours of the past, forgetting the necessities of the present.

I started over night, with my camp equipage fastened on my horse, for the spot which I had selected, and which was a river running to the northward—as I afterward found, the termination of that which so unceremoniously left my bower lake by the great cavern cataract. It meandered through the richest and most verdant meadows or prairies, with only a tree here and there. It had rapid falls, swift-running shallows, and every other sign of the favorite abode of fish.

My dog Tiger accompanied me. He was still in his prime, and a powerful dog, upon whom, too, I knew that I could depend.

The camp was reached about midnight, the fire lit, a hearty supper devoured, and then I lay me down to rest. I slept, but was up before the dawn, eager as a school-boy for the fray. It was a warm and sultry day, just as if I had selected it myself; while heavy clouds were seudding across the heavens.

I would not wait for breakfast, but hurried to the river side, put up my rod, which answered as well as one made by the most celebrated makers, and began. I don't think I shall ever forget my first cast. I had fished on three different kinds of bait on my line. It was in a pool beneath a fall. Down went my line with a tug, as though I had hooked a ten-pound salmon. I ran along the banks, having never thought of a reel, for a little while, and then checked the progress of the fish. There was one on each hook.

They were two kinds of graylings and a trout, or, at all events, a fish which answered very well for one. I saw at once that the inhabitants of that river, probably, from never having been fished before, were disposed, to be amiable, so I went at it with a will, and before sundown had killed some fifty or sixty pounds' weight.

It was a happy day. The feeling of perfect satisfaction—the scenery—the bracing air—the idea that it was a holiday, had in it something satisfactory of itself. And then, the fish themselves were no mean addition to the pleasures of the occasion. I know that many anglers affect to despise the produce of their labor, but that is unwise.

I knew that I should have a splendid broil. And so it proved, when my fire had become embers, and the coals were red-hot, I took four forked sticks and stuck them in the ground; laid others across, of hard wood, not two inches from the fire,

and then broiled the fish, which, with salt and a rude kind of pepper—common all over the island—formed a delicious dish. My dog and myself probably ate more than was good for us; but who thought of right or wrong that day?

Perhaps, when night came, and I sat smoking by my fire, I found out that never since my residence on the island had I been so fatigued, never had my joints felt so stiff, my limbs so full of aches and pains; but that was an additional pleasure, for it made me enjoy a sleep which was delicious beyond measure.

It was many hours after sunrise when I awoke. I was fresh, invigorated, and full of life. Again, without any feeling of satiety, we enjoyed a broil, and then I sat some time ruminating on the past. I was sadder that morning than I had been, though still the memory of the day before was pleasant—so pleasant, that I would set apart one day each week for my pleasures.

One day each week for my pleasures! How my heart smote me as the thought flashed through my mind, that I had never once, since I had been on that island, thought of giving one day in so very many weeks to my God!

I was ashamed, humiliated, vexed, and irritated at myself; so much so that I solemnly vowed never again would I omit this preeminent duty of a Christian. Not that I had ever omitted to thank the Giver of all good for all His mercies; but then it was on occasions when I had escaped from some great peril.

I am no advocate for a gloomy Sabbath, which makes more irreligious people than any thing else; but it is as well to have one special day on which more especially to fix the mind on religious thought, which, in the bustle of active life, we have no time for. Besides, the Sabbath, as an institution, is one for health of body and mind. No civilized nation can do without it; and proportionately as a country keeps it as a day of rest, so is its greatness.

From that hour, unless under very peculiar circumstances, I always kept Sunday. I rose, breakfasted, let loose all my animals, and then read the Bible for about an hour; after which I would sit and ruminate on those early days when my father would, in his own home, address the flock around him, and expound, with sincerity and energy, religious truths. About twelve I dined, and after this gave myself free liberty to visit my poultry-yard, ride out to the gazelle valley, examine the piggery, or do any little useful or ornamental work that came into my head.

I had no companion with whom to beguile the hours, and no books to while away the time, save those which I knew by heart.

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MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He licked me for fun,
And he licked me for spite;
He licked me at noon,
And he licked me at night;
He licked me for trips
In my afternoon's speech;
For grammatical slips—
Two or three times for each.
I got licked when I walked
Spanish fashion or Dutch;
I got licked when I talked
Not enough or too much;
I got licked for my sins
And for others' sins, too—
For looking too bright,
Or for looking too blue.
He licked me for this
And he licked me for that;
For being too smart,
Or for being too flat;
And even for breach
Of breeches, or trust,
He solemnly vowed
He would lick me or bust.
When I looked at the girls
He'd give me a smack;
When I failed at the front,
I got it at back;
He unjolted my ears,
My cranium he tapped;
He loosened my hair,
And my knuckles he rapped.
He licked me for bad
And he licked me for good,
And the path that I walked
Had full many a rod.
He licked me for fault,
And he licked me for crime;
And he licked me, I think,
Pretty much all the time.
But, thanks to my stars,
I now am as big
As he who gave me,
But one end of the twig!
Should he e'er cross my track,
I'm a sinner if I
Don't pay him all back,
For I'll lick him or die!

Friend or Foe.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

When the "Yankees" fled before the British forces under General Grant, De Heister and Sir Harry Clinton, and made good their escape over the East river in the muck of a misty morning—Minerva's shield interposed for the protection of an infant nation which John Bull would have strangled at its birth—there dwelt in Pearl street, just above Hague, a long, slim Quaker preacher, in buckskin breeches, called Thomas Hawxhurst, familiarly known as Tomohawk. This worthy is introduced to the reader principally for the sake of his vinegar cellar, which was under the Quaker meeting-house opposite Hague street. It is sufficient to say of Tomohawk that he became so thoroughly pickled by his vocation as to survive down to a very late period, and died at the age of ninety odd years. Of course, when the society split, he remained conservative, though some of his nearest neighbors went over to the radicals or Hickites. Sour vinegar is a great preservative; and although Thomas' religion was somewhat sour and crabbed, yet it was conserved, whole and entire, like one of the old fossils which existed before the flood.

The ancient meeting-house stood on the side of a hill. The front entrance was nearly level with the street, but the cellar was entered in the rear by large, high doors, so steep was the hill on which the edifice was planted.

The city of New York was soon evacuated by the "Yankee rebels" and the British troops took full possession.

The old sugar-house proved insufficient to hold all the American prisoners; and as the Quakers did not fight, it was thought no more than reasonable that their then "up-town" meeting-house should be used as a prison for captives taken in war. Their old place of meeting was down in Liberty street, near the present post-office—a beautiful spot, surrounded by an extensive yard, full of long grass and wild flowers, but sacrificed, a few years ago, upon the altar of Mammon. They were obliged to content themselves with the meeting-house "down-town," and give up the Pearl street building for war purposes.

For a time Tomohawk could make little use of the cellar, though a few empty casks still remained.

It was about the time of Arnold's treason, that a boat shot out from the New York side, one dark night, and captured a pirogue, which contained several Americans, among whom was a young officer belonging to Washington's army. This boat had put to sea from Whitestone, Long Island, and, coming down through "the Gate," was bound to New Jersey. As appeared afterward, the young officer was a Colonel Delancey, who had obtained leave of absence from his command long enough to convey his intended bride from a post of danger to her aunt's house in Hempstead.

It was, certainly, a perilous undertaking; but, owing to the darkness of the night and the skill with which the boat was managed by David (a Long Island negro), the voyage would probably have been performed in safety had not young Delancey incautiously struck fire for the purpose of lighting a cigar. The spark did not escape the quick eyes of the sentinels on duty, and the consequence was, that the other spark soon found himself marching up Dover street with manacles on his wrists.

Though captured by his own imprudence, the young officer was highly indignant because very much disappointed, as who would not be under such peculiar circumstances. The beloved of his heart was in the midst of dangers, and he was shut up in a prison, from which there was little chance of his being liberated till the close of the war. To judge by what he regarded as the dilatory and indecisive movements of Washington, that event might not occur till he was gray-headed.

The meeting-house, in which Delancey and his companions were confined, was made in the old style, with shutters to go up and down for the purpose of separating the women from the men when they held their business meetings—either sex managing its own affairs, except that the women's meeting could not turn out a member, or grant a

certificate to a Friend traveling in the ministry, without the concurrence of the forked bipeds on the other side of the shutters!

Our captives had been shut up about a week. Black David had been observed to ogle the colonel frequently, and there was no doubt in the mind of the latter that the negro comprehended his state of feeling.

"David," said the colonel to him, one morning, "what are you thinking of?"

"The negro pointed to the shutters."

"You think—"

"Yes, sah, I think if one c'd climb up by dem slidin'-doors, an' git out on de roof, he might go down by de spout outside."

"And the sentry?"

"The negro grasped his own throat with his hand."

"Too risky," returned Delancey; "almost certain failure would be followed by certain death."

The negro shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about "de young lady in de Jarsies."

Delancey colored, but said nothing.

Two weeks more passed on, and the young colonel was wrought up to desperation by the unvarying monotony of his existence, and the thought of his Mary Ann, from whom it was impossible to hear a word in his present condition.

He addressed David again, and the latter took it on himself to consult with the other prisoners, the result of which was a general rising; the guards were overpowered, one of them killed, the doors burst open; when, as the prisoners sought to go forth they were met by a platoon of red-coats, who discharged a whole volley at them, killing three men, among whom was David, the negro, and wounding a dozen more. Among the latter was Delancey, who received a musket-ball in his arm.

Colonel Delancey was naturally regarded as the ringleader of the insurgents, and, having been separated from the rest, he was taken down to the rear of the building and thrust into the vinegar cellar. The door having been securely fastened, he was left in solitude and darkness to reflect upon his trial, sentence and execution on the morrow.

The colonel could felicitate himself on only one circumstance. He had not been searched, and he carried about him a pistol loaded with powder and ball. He resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape.

Then, he gave himself up to reflection; he did not repent his unsuccessful attempt to escape. He was wearing out his youth

placed a purse of gold in his hand, immediately withdrew and was swallowed up in the darkness.

Delancey hardly dared to believe that he knew that figure; yet, could he be mistaken—the halting gait—the peculiar carriage of the head?

He entered the boat in silence, too happy in the thought that every stroke of the oar brought him nearer to the abode of her he loved better than all other things upon the earth.

The boat reached the Jersey shore, from whence Delancey soon found his way to the picturesque, though somewhat rustic villa in which dwelt the girl of his heart.

The glad surprise of Mary Ann, who had heard of his capture and imprisonment, rewarded Delancey for all the anxiety of mind that he had endured.

But, reader, there is good reason to believe that Colonel Delancey owed his escape from death to the exertions of one whose name no American utters without a blush.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Big Head's Escape.

"I move that 'Old Big Head,' yonder, be court-martialed," suddenly spoke Lum Fields, breaking the silence that had come over our little party. "There he sits staring at the moon as if he was love-sick, and I declare, if he hasn't let his pipe go out; something that has not happened before, since I first knew him."

The "party" alluded to, belonged to a freight-train, bound for Denver by the old "Smoky Hill route," having encamped upon the bank of the stream of that name, near where now stands the lively town of Salina; and after supper we had gathered around the comfortable fire to smoke a pipe and wile away the time until we felt like "turning in."

The person known more generally among us as old "Big Head," than by the one he had been christened by, Sabe Sellers, was a grizzled veteran of the plains, who had seen considerable service fighting the subtle redskins, during his frequent extended trapping expeditions, judging from the scars he could exhibit in corroboration of the thrilling tales he would occasionally narrate. Generally talkative and full of a droll kind of

'spicious an' cool like to hev a dozen rifles—fer t'others hed gone under at the first scrimmage—arter 'em red-hot fer skeels. You see they war jest goin' long in a sort o' slow lope, 's ef thar critters war tired out, through a kind o' pass in the hills.

"Twar a mighty purty place fer a 'bushment, but the boys war too mad an' brash to stop fer reason, so on we went—devil take the hinder! The pass war rayther narrier an' we could jest ride two abreast, when we come to the spot whar we'd seed 'de reds disappear, an' then led up a steep hillside, kivered w' big dorsicks."

"I war some at younger an' greener then than now, an' rid w' the f'ormost, whoopin' an' yellin' with the best o' the boys, when crash came a wheen o' bullets an' arrers, spang in our middle, emptyin' all but five saddles. Therocks round us 'peared one blaze o' fire, an' I really thought all I—hed broken loose when the hootin' an' yellin' red devils broke kiver an' charged us."

"As you may easily 'magine, we didn't wait thar overly long, but, afore we went, we giv them the dinner o' our weepins, jest to mind 'em o' us, then turned an' made tracks. I seed 'de red drap' at I drew on, an' three more double 'sif they hed the belly-ache. As we turned, I felt a bullet strike my right arm an' knowed by the way my rifle dropped that the bone war broken, an' pore Tom Byers he keeled over, throwed in his tracks."

"I've seed some hoss-racin', an' heered tell o' steeple-chasin', but ef you rightly want to see the pints o' a hoss an' a rail merits o' a rider, take 'em as we war; on a steep hillside kivered all over w' round dorsicks, an' let 'em screetchin' fer 'em to stop an' leave 'em a lock o' thar ha'r fer a keep-sake. Ef they don't put in thar best licks then, eat me fer poor bull! Waghi!"

"Only one thing saved us, an' that war this: the reds hed cached thar hosses afore we came up, beyant the hills, 'cause thar war no place nigher at hand whar we'd not be liable to see them too soon fer thar plans. So afore they could run back an' straddle critters, we war down an' 'way out on the level."

"Then it war a dead, straight-f'd race. We war well mounted, an' 'deed we needed to be, but 'tther the reds hed did consid'able travelin' as well as we, or else thar animiles warn't fust class; fer we, on our tired critters, kep' our distance throughout that long arternoon."

"When the sun sot, we kep' on an' man-

"By this time the snow it war a-drivin' fall in our eyes, a'most thick enough fer a feller to climb up on an' use fer a bed. The hail-stuns an' sleet out our faces till the blood come, but we still kep' our critters' heads turned t'rd it, usin' the pints o' our butchers fer spurs. It would 'a bin better travelin' to 'a gone t'other way, but we knowed how fur we'd rid since kiver an' didn't dar' risk it. We didn't talk; it war all we could do to breathe, an' kep' in a body like, so's to keep from gittin' lost, as the snow kem down so thick we couldn't see each other."

"I reckon we'd bin at it fer nigh three hours, when the critter rid by Tom Trent gin out all at oncet, pitchin' him headfirst to the ground. When Tom got up, his hoss war dead. We dar'n't stop, nor yit ride double, so Shep an' I each took holt o' one han' an' helped Tom to walk in that way. But he gin out fast, an' we knowed his race war up. Still he f't strong, fer he'd a wife an' young babby a-watchin' fer him at the fort, an' life war sweet."

"But, 'twar no use. His legs gin out an' he hollered fer us to leave him. Fer nigh a half-hour, I reckon, we dragged him, an' on'y dropped him when we seed 'at he war friz. Then Marsh's hoss fell. Bill war nigh gone an' couldn't help, so I slipped down an' with my one arm managed to git the boy fixed in the saddle, an' then sot out, leadin' o' Luke by the bit."

"While down this, I'd lost sight o' Bill, an' thar I war, on fut, alone with my brother, mayhap a dead man, the Lord un'y know'd whar. The snow war nigh two feet deep, an' ag'in the wind into the bargin, made it jest a teetle the toughest travelin' at I'd ever heerd tell of. Still I pushed on, half runnin', slippin' an' a-stumblin' like as though I'd got a gallon aboard. I kep' o' Luke in a dog-trot, like, fer I knowed that onless I made kiver inside o' an hour, the jig war up fer the hull kit."

"I don't know how long it'd bin, nor how fur we'd made, as I war in a kind o' stupor like, when the o' m' g'le a grunt an' keeled over, throwin' Marsh on top o' me, so't we both fell an' war kivered up in the snow. I never felt so nice an' comfortable in all my life as I did then, when the snow tuck me in like a gre't pile o' wool. I felt as warm an' snug as though 'twas summer, an' 'peared like I war a-ridin' on a pile o' sunshine. Ef I'd a bin alone, I'd never 'a stirred peg ag'in, but went right straight to sleep, although I knowed that I'd never wake up ag'in. But then I thought o' poor Marsh, an' managed to raise up right."

"He lay at my feet, whar he'd fell, an' felt as stiff as an' ol' board. Luke, too, war gone under, so I contrived to git Marsh up onto my back, an' held him thar by the arms while I struggled on through the snow an' wind. He war a leetle feller, war Marsh, but 'peared like as if he weighed 'bout a ton, then. Time an' ag'in I'd tumble headfirst into the snow, but I a'ways managed to git up with the boy on my shoulders, an' with the storm in my teeth, kep' on, though I war more like a dead man than a live critter."

"All to oncet the wind seemed to take a swirl, like a-blowin' in ev'ry direction. Then, in a leetle while I run smack up ag'in somethin' hard, keelin' me over. When I got up, I felt, an' oh, how I did holler! It war a tree, an' I knowed I'd struck timber at last! Mebbe I didn't work then, but mebbe I did. The faintness war all gone then, an' I sweated till the drops rolled down an' friz onto my bard like beads. I formed a wind-rod, an' by doin' some tall scratchin' managed to unkniver enough dry leaves to ketch the fire I flashed from a pistol. Then it war but a few minutes afore I'd fire enough, roarin' an' blazin' like mad, to warm a hull regiment."

"Jest the minnit I war able, I sot to work on Marsh, tryin' to fetch 'im too, but it war too late—he war dead, friz like a stunn. I knowed this, but I couldn't stop. 'Peared like as if it couldn't be thar he'd 'a died, while thar was I, alive an' well, an' I worked like a beaver callin' to poor Marsh, an' actin' like I war possessed. Then it 'peared like it hed jetched my heart, that the poor boy was a goner in earnest; that we wouldn't never ag'in trap together, nor fight the reds, leastwise in this 'ere world, an' I dropped down 'longside o' his corpse like as ef I, too, hed taken up the long trail."

"When I kem to ag'in, the powder war still a-ragin', like mad, but the fire thar I'd kindled ag'in in the ol' log hed not yit gone out, which war what hed saved me. The storm lasted well-nigh three days, but I war the only one thet lived through it of the five. I know now that it war the tough tramp 'at I tuck, thet saved me, as I f't fer Marsh. Hed I left him, I would never 'a seed 'de sunshine ag'in."

"Wal, not to delay you, I managed to live through the powder, keepin' a good fire, an' livin' on the game I managed to shoot with my pistol, what hed bin driven to the trimmer fer shelter. When it quit, I made up a pack o' meat an' sot out in a bee-line for the fort. The second day I met a wheen o' boys, an' they furnished me with a mount, an' then the rest war easy."

"I counted up the days, an' found that it war on the 9th o' April thet Marsh he went under. So you see I hev good cause to feel kinder glum, when it comes around, bein' as it tuck away my blood o' kin, an' left me 'thout a drop o' my last runnin' in human critter's veins, 'cept what is in this dried-up ol' barklike," concluded old "Big Head," as he began his preparations for "turnin' in," a proceeding we, his comrades, were not long in adopting.

Beat Time's Notes.

A LITTLE bit of quinine is often a little bitter.

A CARPENTER is often a very designing man.

THE fashions from Paris now are decidedly war-worn, and are well adapted to the "fall."

A MAN may take whisky first, but it is sure to take him last.

IN this life there is much noble work for every man to do, but how much nicer is it to sit down and hire it done!

POETS generally sigh for the good old times, but when their gray hairs show that the old times have come, they don't like it amazingly.

I KNEW a man so active he could put his hands on his head and leap over it without any trouble.

IN this world a good face is the same as cash, and the more you counterfeit it the better it passes.

BEAT TIME.



in bondage, living upon miserable food and brackish water, without any opportunity of being useful either to his Mary Ann or to his country. He made up his mind that it was better to die than to lead such a life; but, if he could escape it would be better still. The attempt would be desperate; but, what of that? It could only end in death, after all.

As he sunk into sleep, his last thoughts were upon poor David, the faithful negro.

He supposed that he had slept several hours when he was awakened by a bright light streaming on his eyes, and the sound of some person moving near him. Supposing, for an instant, that morning had come, and brought with it his captors, he started up and drew forth his pistol.

"Silence!" said a voice, in a loud whisper; and, he now saw, standing before him, a man dressed in sailor's apparel, and holding a lantern in his hand.

"Have they sent somebody to kill me in secret?" murmured the young officer, leveling his pistol at the stranger.

"Don't mistake a friend for an enemy. Put up your shooting-iron, and listen to reason, shipmate," said the sailor.

"But, this surpasses belief," cried the colonel; "if you are a friend, how could you obtain admittance here? And yet, it seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, colonel. I know you, though you don't know me. I have seen you at West Point."

"Yes, I remember. But, then, how came you hither?"

"I came with General Arnold," answered the seaman, with a grim smile.

"You—General Arnold?" exclaimed Delancey; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that Arnold is a traitor, who took me prisoner when he escaped from West Point, and got on board the *Vulture*. I was one of the boatmen who rowed him off to that vessel."

"Your words are a riddle to me," replied Colonel Delancey; "but, how came you to gain admittance to this dungeon, if you are a prisoner like myself?"

"No matter. If you want your liberty, you have but to come forth. A boat awaits you at the foot of Dey street, by which you can pass over to New Jersey."

"So far, of course, I can not demur," said the officer, preparing to follow his strange guide.

Colonel Delancey followed the seaman across the city, and found the boat ready to receive him on the North river side. As he was about stepping in to her, a stranger, muffled in a dark cloak, stepped up, and having

humor, he was the life of our party and an oracle to the younger portion of us in all our little disputes relative to prairie life, etc. But now he was unusually dull and gloomy, scarcely having spoken a word since morning.

"Come, come, daddy," persisted Fields, "this won't do. Wake up, and tell us a story, or else sing that song of yours, 'Betsey from Pike,' you know."

"Can't you let the ol' man alone, Lummy?" at length replied Sabe, turning to the youth, with a half-smile, for he was a great favorite with the veteran. "A'fays oneasy like a flea. When your time comes the ol' man'll hev to spit on his hands, or you'll wriggle out o' them. But what day is this 'ere?"

"April 9th; why?"

"I knowed it! It's the blackest day notched on my stick, is this," muttered the old man, in a lugubrious tone, as he moodily refilled his pipe.

Quick, significant glances of satisfaction ran from one to another of the group; but no one spoke, as they knew that the less they said the sooner they would get the expected yarn, for Big Head was like a good many others, fond of tantalizing and making excuses, while all the time it would be his being the "hero of the hour." So each one composed themselves into a comfortable attitude, filling their pipes or taking a fresh quid.

"Wal," quoth old Sabe, after igniting his pipe and giving a few vigorous puffs, "I don't know but I'd better give you the reason why I looked so solumbly like, bein' as you're so cur'us. It all happened when I war young; let me see, jest twenty-nine y'ars gone by, in '88. The how on it war this:—

"I war one o' nigh a score o' men who left Fort Union; all mountain-men an' trappers, what hed combined to foller a war party o' Cheyennes who'd rubbed out a small wagon-train on the 'Big Dry.' We falleder them hot-foot, an' on the third day o' the like, an' arter a purty hard scrimmage, cleaned them out, all but 'bout a half-dozen who got off, an' mounted on mighty smart critters, g'le's us the go-by."

"But we 'tarmined to make a clean sweep o' the job, an' tuck thar trail, sw'arin' to butcher 'em ef we hed to foller 'em clear to thar head-quarters. It war nigh noon of the next day afore we sighted 'em ag'in, when we put arter 'em helter-skelter, though Tom Byers told us to look out for a trap."

"To tell the truth they did act rayther

aged to lose 'em in the dark. But purty soon we begun to shiver an' shake wuss'n a nigger with a double-bar'l'd ager. 'Twar 'mazin' how sudden the thing kem on, but we didn't feel muchly skeered at fust, leastwise no one did 'less 'twar Bill Sheppard; an' I could tell 'at he war, 'cause he begun to snort an' sniff orful, like he a'yads did when on easy in his mind. But I knowed hed spit it out soon, ef I'd let 'im be."

"As I said, thar war jest five o' us, afore ol' Tom Byers got throwed; Bill Sheppard, Tom Trent, brother Marsh an' mysel'. Marsh he war two y'ar younger'n me, an' jest as smart an' likely a young feller as ever sot a trap or tetchted a trigger, ef I do say it. Powerful han'some, too, he war, an' many's the time 'at I've seed him a-layin' on a robe, watchin' an' a-laughin' at a couple o' squaws a-pullin' ha'r fer him. He war some, he war!"

"Wal, the wind it kep' a-gittin' colder an' howlin' more f'erce; then the rain, hail an' sleet sot in like fun. It kem a'most d'rectly in our teeth, but we daren't stop. We war on a level plain, w' out kiver, wood nor buffer-chips; nary smich. Ef we stopped we'd freeze, an' ef we kep' on it 'peared like it'd be the same. Then Bill—he war the oldest of us all—he broke out w' a cuss, 'c'en a most howlin'."

"Boys, we're gone up this pop; its a powder-dere!"

"I am not confident as to the orthography of this word; I write it as it was pronounced."

"Wal, we didn't speak; we jest shuck. The name war enough to tell us what we'd to expect unless we could git to kiver an' start a fire. We'd o'f'n heerd tell o' the powder, around the camp-fire, an' thought it must be purty hard lines to pass a night in one on the perary; but now we know'd jest what it meant. Mebbe some o' you is somethin' like thet, only a heap more so. It comes from any point it darn pleases, is made up with rain, hail, snow an' sleet, mixed into a stew with the keenest wind, thet cuts to the bone, fust pop. Take this an' let it last fer two or three days, a week, or mebbe two, an' thet's a powder, near's I can tell ye."

"No wonder then 'at we shuck; not altogether from cold. We'd bin in the saddle fer the better part o' four days an' nights, without half rest or quarter grub. We war purty nigh pegged out, likewise our critters, an' not one o' us would ever see daylight ag'in, 'less we could git to kiver an' start a breeze. Thet we knowed to a dead sartin. Ef we warn't in a nice fix, then I'll cavy. Wolf!"